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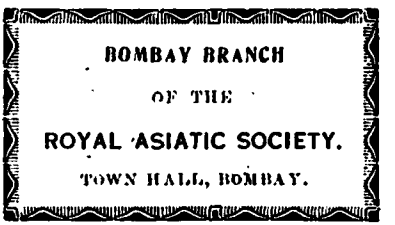

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LETTERS FROM ST. HELENA.

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LETTERS

WRITTEN ON BOARD

His Majesty's Ship the Northumberland,

AND

SAINT HELENA;

IN WHICH

THE CONDUCT AND CONVERSATION

OF

Napoleon Buonaparte,

AND HIS SUITE,

DURING THE VOYAGE, AND THE FIRST MONTHS OF HIS RESIDENCE IN THAT ISLAND,

ARE FAITHFULLY DESCRIBED AND RELATED.

BY WILLIAM WARDEN,

Surgeon on board the Northumberland.

NON EGO, SED DEMOCRITUS DIXIT.

THIRD EDITION.

London:

PUBLISHED FOR THE AUTHOR,

BY R. ACKERMANN, No. 101, STRAND;

And may be had of all Booksellers in the United Kingdom.

1816.

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INTRODUCTION.

HAVING sailed in my professional character on board the ship which carried NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE to *St. Helena*, and having remained several months on the Island, the enquiries concerning him, on my return to England, were so repeated, that I may be said to have been in a state of persecution from the curiosity which prevails respecting that extraordinary character. Circumstances, connected with my profession, gave me frequent opportunities of conversing with him; and with the principal persons of his suite, I may be said, particularly during the voyage, to have lived in rather intimate society.

The subjects of various conversations with him, and with them, I committed to my Journal, from whose pages the following LETTERS were formed, with such additions as might occur to my recollection at the time they were written.—No idea, however, could be more remote from my mind, than that they would extend beyond the circle for whose gratification they were composed. But a wish for their publication seemed to meet me wherever I went; the most minute circumstance respecting the present point of *Napoleon's* career, appeared to excite an extraordinary Interest, and I have yielded, rather reluctantly, to become an Author, from persuasions I scarce knew how to resist; and to which, I had some reasons to suspect resistance might be in vain. Whether these LETTERS will answer the general expectations of those who have seen, and of a still far greater number of those who have only heard of,

(a) la route de Vérone à Arcole traversait à deux chemins d'alpon et delà dans la même direction un petit ruisseau inégalement profond qui tournait perpendiculairement à droite et enfin traversait le village. les arcades étaient bâtonnées la droite appuyée au village, la gauche vers l'embouchure sur la rive droite de l'alpon, para bivouac ils avaient devant leur front le chemin

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De Nono à arcole —

——— dont il n'était séparé que par la rivière en tirant derrière eux. ils prenaient en flanc la colonne dont la tête était sur arcole.

Pour arcole ~~———~~

——— Davidovich opérait par la droite en tirant à mauvais fleuve Lusignan qui la tête était sur arcole.

them, I do not consider myself as qualified to judge. All I have to say in their favour is this:—That every fact related in them is true; and the purport of every conversation correct.—It will not, I trust, be thought necessary for me to say more; —and the Justice I owe to myself, will not allow me to say less.

WILLIAM WARDEN.

I was induced to give a Plate of NAPOLEON, which is copied from a French Engraving, because, and I consider myself as perfectly Master of his Lineaments, I think it the most decided Likeness that has been given of him.

Fac Similes of the writing of extraordinary men are, I am told, particular objects of research, and therefore I have introduced the graphic Characters of

NAPOLEON, in a note on General Bertrand's Sketch of the Battle of Arcola.

The *Medal* was struck on NAPOLEON's marriage: the Original, which is in gold, was presented to me by General Bertrand. He considered it as of great Medallic value from its rarity. I have since heard, however, that these Medals are by no means uncommon, at least in inferior metal. But be that as it may, an apology will not, I presume, be thought necessary for having given an engraving of it.—At the same time it may be proper to observe, that the smaller circle is the size of the Medal. The emblematic representation was enlarged for the better illustration of the design.

LETTERS

FROM

SAINT HELENA,

&c. &c. &c.

AT SEA,

MY DEAR ———,

IT is, certainly, not the first time that I have been induced to exclaim how strange and unexpected are the occurrences of Life; how frequently is the calm of to-day succeeded by the storm of to-morrow, and the ordinary course of Nature interrupted by phœnomena, which the Philosopher himself is puzzled to explain: But the world of politics illustrates the Doctrine of Wonders as much as the operations of the Elements.—Nothing, I presume, could have been less probable to the view of Captain Maitland's mind when he was ordered on duty off Roch-

fort than the voluntary surrender of the Ex-emperor of France and his suite, with bag and baggage, on board the *Bellerophon*. To have taken the ship on which he might have attempted to make his escape, was a natural expectation, as it would have been a probable event; but the manner in which such an extraordinary person submitted himself to his custody, must have taken him, which could not have happened in any other part of his duty, by surprize. Indeed, to compare small things with great, I cannot reconcile to my common notions of probability the subject of my present Epistle, and that the Letters which you would naturally expect to receive from me, instead of the common topics of a sea voyage, should contain an account of the conduct, and information respecting the character of Napoleon Buonaparte, from the personal opportunities which my situation so unexpectedly afforded me.

Such has been the attention which this eminent person has attracted; so great the daily croud of boats, and other vessels filled

with curious spectators, (some of whom it is confidently said, have come on purpose from remote parts of the country, and even from London,) to snatch such a glimpse of him as could be caught at the distance they were obliged to keep from the *Bellerophon*, on whose gangway he occasionally stood; that I feel myself more than justified in supposing the most trifling particulars, respecting him and his suite, to be welcome to you and those of our common friends, to whom you may chuse to communicate them! and of this you may be assured, that I shall inform you of little that occurred after Napoleon put his foot on the deck of our ship but what I myself saw and heard. My piece-meal narrative, for such it must be, will have the merit of authenticity, if it should be thought to have no other. I have written down every thing respecting our distinguished passenger, as it has hitherto happened; and I shall continue to do so as circumstances occur, in the way best suited to a Seaman, by adopting the form of a Journal. You must, therefore, expect nothing but a succession of detached articles; a recital of

domestic occurrences, if I may use the expression, on board a ship, as they occurred, when the Ex-emperor offered himself to my observation; and I shall begin with his short passage from the *Bellerophon* to the *Northumberland.*

On the 3d of August, 1815, his Majesty's ship *Northumberland*, Captain Ross, bearing the flag of Admiral Sir George Cockburn, who was selected by Government for this important duty, weighed anchor from Spithead, and, after having contended with adverse winds, came within sight of the Berry-head, a head-land forming the extremity of Torbay, at an early hour of the day. She was there joined by the *Tonnant*, Captain Brenton, bearing the flag of Lord Keith, Admiral of the Channel fleet, accompanied by the *Bellerophon*, Captain Maitland, the latter ship having on board NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE.—As soon as signals were exchanged with the approaching ship, a salute was fired from the *Northumberland*, and answered by the *Tonnant.*—Lord Keith, having had an inter-

view with sir George Cockburn, anchored under Berry-head, to avoid, as it was supposed, the eager curiosity of the very numerous visitors in all descriptions of vessels, who constantly surrounded the *Bellerophon*. The remainder of the evening passed without any occurrence that is worthy of notice.

On the following morning, the *Count de las Cases*, Chamberlain to the Ex-emperor, came on board to arrange the requisite accommodations for his fallen master. The baggage followed—nor shall I attempt to describe the universal and anxious curiosity which was displayed on board, to see the effects of the extraordinary personage to whom they belonged; the sole remaining possessions of a man who had so lately commanded the art, industry, and produce of many kingdoms: But it was not calculated to gratify the expectation that awaited its arrival. One mahogany case, indeed, was distinguished by the Imperial arms, but the rest exhibited no better figure and appearance than the properties of an itinerant theatre.

The *Count de las Cases* does not exceed five feet and an inch in height, and appears to be fifty years of age, of a meagre form, and with a wrinkled forehead: His dress was a French naval uniform. His stay on board the *Northumberland* did not exceed an hour; but, while he was employed in the hasty discharge of his office, his diminutive appearance did not fail to invite observations from the inquisitive beholders. Some of them, I could fancy, expected Herculean figures to be employed in the service of a man who had lately bestrode so large a portion of Europe. If there were any under such impressions, and we never can answer for the impression of the moment, they had certainly forgotten, if they had ever been informed, that Alexander the Great, the mighty Lord of vanquished nations, is represented in history as a man of small stature—and, indeed, they were shortly to be convinced, that Bonaparte himself would not gratify any expectations of an athletic figure.

From eleven to twelve we were prepared

to receive Napoleon on board—and, Lord Keith, as it may be presumed, from a noble delicacy to his situation and feelings, declined receiving the usual compliments attendant on his rank, that they might, according to their settled form, devolve on the Ex-emperor, whose sounding Titles had passed away with the power that bestowed them. The rank of General is considered as adequate to all his claims on a Government who never acknowledged him under any other. A Captain's guard of marines was arranged on the poop, to wait his arrival, with orders to present arms, and the drum to beat the roll thrice; the usual salute to a general officer in the British service.

The barge of the *Tonnant* reached the *Northumberland* in a few minutes after it left the *Bellerophon* *. Our quarter-deck

* I have been given to understand that Buonaparte's conduct on board the Bellerophon had been such as rather to conciliate the good humour of all on board, so that his departure was not attended with the slightest mark of disapprobation or disrespect; but with that kind of awful silence which accompanies the fatal close of a public execution.

was covered with officers, and there were also some individuals of rank, who had come round from motives of curiosity, to view the passing scene. Besides the object of general attraction and attention, the Barge contained Lord Keith and Sir George Cockburn, *Marshal Bertrand*, who had shared in all his Imperial Master's fortunes, and the Generals *Montholon* and *Courgon*, who had been, and still continued to retain the titles of, his Aides-de-Camp. As the Boat approached, the figure of Napoleon was readily distinguished, from his apparent resemblance to the various prints of him which are displayed in the windows of the shops. The Marines occupied the front of the poop, and the officers kept the quarter-deck. An universal silence prevailed when the Barge reached the side, and there was a grave, but anxious aspect in all the spectators which, in the opinion of others as well as myself, was no small addition to the solemnity of the ceremonial. Count Bertrand ascended first, and having bowed, retired a few steps to give place to him whom he still considered as his Master, and in whose presence he appeared to feel that all his most respectful

homage was still due. The whole ship's company seemed at this moment to be in breathless expectation. Lord Keith was the last who quitted the barge, and I cannot give you a more complete idea of the wrapped attention of all on board to the figure of Napoleon, than that his Lordship, high as he is in naval character, Admiral also of the Channel Fleet, to which we belonged, arrayed in the full uniform of his rank, and emblazoned with the decorations of his orders, did not seem to be noticed, nor scarcely even to be seen, among the group which was subject to him.

With a slow step Buonaparte mounted the gangway, and, on feeling himself firm on the quarter-deck, he raised his hat, when the guard presented arms and the drum rolled. The officers of the *Northumberland*, who were uncovered, stood considerably in advance. Those he approached, and saluted with an air of the most affable politeness. He then addressed himself to Sir George Cockburn, and hastily asked for the *Capitaine de Vaisseau*, who was immediately introduced;

but finding that he did not speak French, he successively spoke to several others, till an officer of artillery replied to him in that language. Lord Lowther, and the Honourable Mr. Lyttelton were then introduced to him; and, in a few minutes, he intimated a desire, though more by gesture than by words, to enter the cabin, where he continued for about an hour.

His dress was that of a General of French Infantry, when it formed a part of his Army. The coat was green faced with white; the rest was white, with white silk stockings, and a handsome shoe with gold oval buckles. He was decorated with a red ribbon and a star, with three medals suspended from a button-hole. One of them represented the iron crown, and the others, different gradations of the Legion of Honour. His face was pale, and his beard of an unshaven appearance. Indeed, his general aspect justified the conjecture that he had not passed the preceding night in sound repose. His forehead is thinly covered with dark hair, as well as the top of his head,

which is large, and has a singular flatness: what hair he has behind, is bushy, and I could not discern the slightest mixture of white in it. His eyes, which are grey, are in continual motion, and hurry rapidly to the various objects around him. His teeth are regular and good; his neck is short, but his shoulders of the finest proportion. The rest of his figure, though a little blended with the Dutch fulness, is of a very handsome form.

It may be thought, perhaps, that I am very minute in my description of this distinguished person,—but I fancied you would expect it of me, and that your well-known, predominant curiosity on the subject must be gratified by it. Besides, I may be naturally induced, from my studies, my profession, and my habits, to examine the human figure with an anatomical eye; and, on particular occasions and with particular objects, I have sometimes ventured, for I may safely acknowledge it to you, to indulge a reverie as to the conformation of the human frame, and deduce notions, erroneous enough perhaps,

from a comparative view of corporal form and structure, with intellectual capacity and leading dispositions. Indeed, I am ready to acknowledge that I actually presumed to play *Lavater* a little with the late Emperor of France and King of Italy—but I shall not trouble you, at present, with the result of my vagaries.

On returning upon deck, he engaged in conversation with Lord Lowther, Mr. Lyttelton, and Sir George Byngham, for an hour before dinner.—It is understood, that he complained of the severity with which he was treated, in being consigned to pass his days on the Rock of St. Helena, buffetted by the winds, and amidst the waste of waters; and that he could not comprehend the policy or the apprehensions of England in refusing him an asylum, now that his political career was terminated. He continued to repeat a succession of questions to the same effect, with some degree of impetuosity; but it would be taking a liberty with Mr. Lyttelton, who principally maintained the discourse with him, to

repeat that Gentleman's replies from the information of others. I shall only observe, that they were accompanied with that courteous address which might be expected of him.

In a conversation which I had with Count Bertrand on the following day, he complained in very forcible terms, of the needless cruelty of their allotment. The Emperor, he said, for that title he continued to receive from his attendants, had thrown himself on the mercy of England, from a full and consoling confidence that he should there find a place of refuge. He asked, what worse fate could have befallen him, had he been taken a prisoner on board an American ship, in which he might have endeavoured to make his escape. He reasoned, for some time, on the probability of success in such an attempt; and they might now, he added, have cause to repent that his Imperial Master had not risqued it.—He then proceeded:—

"Could not the Emperor think you, have placed himself at the head of the army of the

Loire? and can you persuade yourself that it would not have been proud to range itself under his command? And is it not possible —nay, more than probable, that he would have been joined by numerous adherents from the North, the South, and the East? Nor can it be denied that he might have placed himself in such a position, as to have made far better terms for himself than have now been imposed upon him. It was to save the further effusion of blood that he threw himself into your arms; that he trusted to the honour of a nation famed for its generosity and love of justice; nor would it have been a disgrace to England to have acknowledged Napoleon Buonaparte as a citizen. He demanded to be enrolled among the humblest of them; and wished for little more than the Heavens as a covering, and the soil of England, on which he might tread in safety. Was this too much for such a man to ask?—surely not: nor could such a man imagine, in any moment of depression, if it were possible for such a spirit as his to be so depressed, that the boon would be refused

him. It might rather have been a subject of pride to England, that the conqueror of almost all Europe but herself, sought, in his adverse fortune, to pass the remainder of a life, which forms so splendid an epocha in the history of our age, in any retired spot of her domains, which she might have allotted him."

He acknowledged that Napoleon had consulted him as to the probable magnanimity of the English government, on the measure then in contemplation; but in this instance, he said, "I refused the opinion which he requested of me. It was not from any preconceived opinion to the prejudice of the English nation, no,—far from it, that I hesitated for once to obey him. But I could not allow myself to become his counsellor in such a critical moment, and on a matter of so much importance to the comfort of his future life and the honour of his name. I was not afraid of any personal injury being offered to him: of that I entertained not the shadow of an apprehension; but I thought it not im-

possible that his liberty might be endangered, as indeed it was, by the resolution of that hour. I was so agitated by my hopes and my fears in alternate succession, that I could only beg of him to accept my loyal and faithful assurance that I would wait upon his fortunes whatever they might be; but it was for him alone to shape the way to them. Nor can I express," he added, "how much I rejoice at my persevering resolution; for had any opinion of mine been accessary, in the slightest degree, to the situation in which I now behold my Emperor, I should never again enjoy a peaceful moment." The terms in which he expressed his thoughts, and the tones which animated them, proved the state of his feelings. There was a kind of soldier-like resolution in his manner; but, I could perceive that sorrow was in his heart: and firm as I am in my loyalty as an Englishman, and proud as I am, and as every man, born in our glorious island ought to be, of that distinguished name, and though his enthusiasm betrayed him into sentiments and opinion, in which I could not, by any means,

acquiesce, I do not hesitate to acknowledge my disposition to admire the emotions of this faithful Frenchman.

Madame Bertrand's complaints were different in their character as well as language from those of the Count her husband: her air and manner were sometimes even accompanied with a gleam of distraction. "What can you think," she once said to me, "of my situation? does it not appear to you to be most lamentable; and where are expressions to be found that can suit the description of it to the poignancy of my feelings? What a change for a woman who had held a high rank in the gayest and most splendid court in Europe; where her consequence was such that thousands sought her smiles and were proud to bask in them. The wife of Count Bertrand, Grand Marshal of the Palace of the Emperor of France is now destined with her three children, to accompany an exiled husband to an insulated Rock, where the pride of station, the pomp of life, and the song of pleasure, will be exchanged for a scene of

captivity; and such, with all its promised attentions and indulgencies, it must appear to us, surrounded as it is, by the barrier of a boundless ocean."

She was curious to know what the people of England thought of her husband; when I told her that, as far as I could judge, they entertained an higher opinion of him than of any Marshal of France, and that his faithful attachment to Napoleon had a romantic air which was not without its admirers in England. It was, indeed, in consequence of that determined feeling, in opposition to what might be supposed to be his real interest, and the earnest entreaties of his family, that Madame Bertrand had well nigh completed an act of suicide. The agonizing attempt to throw herself from the *Bellerophon* into the sea took place, it seems, in the evening of the day when Napoleon was informed of his future allotment, and, probably, at the moment when the afflicting communication was first made to her.

The *Little Bertrands* are interesting children: the youngest is between three and four years old; the eldest is a native of Trieste, and was born when his father was Governor of the Illyrian Provinces; the second is a girl of an animated disposition, that betrays occasional symptoms of violence. The military character appears to have almost exclusively seized on the infant minds of these sprightly urchins: from morning till night they are employed in fencing, marching, charging on a half-canter, in imitation of cavalry, *&c. &c.* in which the girl joins with a true Amazonian spirit, under the direction of a little French boy, who, I presume, was born in a camp.

When I accidentally mentioned to Madame Bertrand that it had been generally supposed she intended to have remained in England, for the education of her children, she, with a kind of wild but interesting expression of countenance, not unusual with her, vehemently exclaimed "What, Sir, leave my husband at such a moment! That is a degree of heroism which my heart disavows: though in a year,

perhaps, I may be induced to return." And on my suggesting that a favourable opportunity would be offered on board the *Northumberland*, she appeared to acquiesce in the probability of such an event.

Neither Count or Madame Montholon can speak English: he is a handsome little man, and she a very elegant woman; they have one common comfort, and they seem to think it so, in a charming little boy: You must perceive, that I am by degrees, though rather in an irregular manner, making you acquainted with the whole of our curious party; but you must be sensible that it is the best mode which I can employ.

—Buonaparte, previous to his leaving the *Bellerophon*, was, it seems, recommended to select three of his suite to accompany him to St. Helena. Bertrand was, at that time, supposed to be particularly proscribed; but it is understood that Lord Keith took upon himself the reponsibility of including such an attached friend in the number of the exiled

General's attendants. The others were the Count de las Cases, who had been a Captain in the French Navy, and is a man of literary attainments; General, Count Montholon, and Lieutenant-General Gourgond, his two Aides-de-Camp, who were devoted to his fortunes. The latter Officers served him in the Russian Campaign, and describe the winter which they encountered there in all its horrors. The Russian cavalry they extol; but represent the Cossacks as easily dispersed. They do not appear to hold the Prussians in very high estimation, but consider them, at the same time, as superior to the Austrians. The English Infantry, at the battle of Waterloo, filled them with absolute astonishment; but they represent our Cavalry as much too impetuous; they probably found them so on that glorious day.

In a conversation with Count Bertrand, which happened to glance on that subject, he could not hide his sensations. The little he said was in a plaintive tone, though expressed with candour, and accompanied with expres-

sive shrugs of lamentation. " We fought that day," he said, " for the Crown of France; but you gained the battle, and we are undone."—I asked him whether he had read Marshal Ney's Letter to the Duke of Otranto, in defence of his conduct on the bloody field. That publication, it appeared, he had not seen; and when I informed him in what manner the Marshal had censured his Master's conduct, and that, in the public opinion, he was thought to have cleared himself from the imputation of erroneous conduct;—" Well, well," he replied, " Had I been in the command of Marshal Ney's division, I might, perhaps, have done worse: but, as I was, I saw *much to blame;*" but, in comparing Buonaparte with Ney, he cast his eyes upwards to the heavens, and suddenly lowering them to the earth, he exclaimed, with a very significant action, " Indeed, indeed, the difference is equally great."

—From the information I received in my conversation with our French guests, it appears that the Emperor's abdication in favour

of his Son, is a matter, which, as far at least as my knowledge extends, has been altogether misconceived in England: I mean as referring to the immediate and proximate causes of it. If the communications made to me were correct, and I am not willing to imagine that they were invented merely to impose upon me, a grand political scheme was contrived by *Fouche* to out-wit his Master, and it proved successful. The name of that crafty politician and ready revolutionist is never mentioned by the members of our little cabin Utica without the accompaniment of execrations, which it is not necessary for you to hear, as it would be ridiculous for me to repeat. Not Talleyrand himself is so loaded with them as the Arch-betrayer, who has been just mentioned. It was, indeed, a decided opinion of the moment, among our Exiles, that Fouche would contrive to hang Talleyrand; or that the latter would provide an equal fate for the former; and that if they both were suspended from the same gibbet, it ought to be preserved as an object of public respect for the service it had

done to mankind, by punishing and exposing two as consummate offenders as ever disgraced the social world.—The *Historiette* to which I have alluded, was thus related.—

On Napoleon's return to Paris, after his disastrous defeat at Waterloo, and when he may be supposed to have been agitated by doubt and perplexity, as to the conduct he should pursue in that extraordinary crisis; a Letter was offered to his attention by the Duke of Otranto, as having been received by the latter from Prince Metternich the Austrian Minister. It was dated in the *preceding April*, and the diplomatic writer stated the decided object of his Imperial Master, to be the final expulsion of Napoleon the First from the throne of France; and that the French nation should be left to their uninterrupted decision, whether they would have a monarchy under Napoleon the Second, or adopt a Republican form of Government.—Austria professed to have no right, and consequently felt no intention to dictate to the French Nation. The final and

ratified expulsion of the Traitor, (such was the expression) is all the Austrian Emperor demands of France.

Napoleon seized the bait; and immediately abdicated in favour of his Son: but he had no sooner taken this step, than he discovered the double game that Fouche was playing. The Letter was a forgery, and it soon appeared that the Emperor of Austria had it not in his power, if he had ever indulged the contemplation, to clothe his Grandson with political character.

After he quitted Paris, the Ex-emperor and his suite pursued an uninterrupted progress to the sea-coast, and it is their opinion that they might have continued in an inactive state, and without any reasonable apprehension of disturbance, for a much longer time than Buonaparte's impatience would allow, in the vicinity of Rochfort.

—On his first arrival among us, he occasionally expressed a wish to be informed of

the contents of the English newspapers; but as it could not be a pleasant circumstance to him, to be made acquainted with the manner in which his character, conduct, and circumstances were necessarily treated and observed upon by our Journals, there was a delicacy maintained in the avoiding a communication of their contents. That truth is not to be spoken, or in any way imparted, at all times, is a proverb which was now faithfully adhered to on board the *Northumberland*. The Count de las Cases had indeed offered to qualify his General in the course of a month, to read an English newspaper, with the requisite intelligence of the language; an undertaking which it is not very probable he would have been able to accomplish; but he could not induce his Master to become his Scholar: for the matter was cut short by the following reply.—"I well know that you think me a very clever fellow: but be that as it may—I cannot do every thing; and among those things which I should find impracticable, is the making myself master of the English language, in a few weeks."

—Here I shall conclude my first Letter; or, as it may prove, the first division of my epistolary narrative: at all events, it will be ready for the first opportunity which occurs for its transmission to you.—If it tends to your amusement, or, in any degree, to the satisfaction of your curiosity, *tant mieux:* but be that as it may, it will give me the opportunity of saying—How do you do?—God bless you! as well as of offering my sincere regards and kind remembrances to our common friends.

Adieu, &c. &c.

W. W.

AT SEA,

MY DEAR — —,

I renew my desultory occupation:—*la tâche journaliere, telle que vous la voulez.*—On the first day of his arrival on board, our distinguished Passenger, displayed rather an eager appetite: I observed that he made a very

hearty dinner, which he moistened with claret. He passed the evening on the quarter-deck, where he was amused by the band of the 53d regiment; when He personally required them to give the airs of " God save the King," and " Rule Britannia." At intervals he chatted in a way of easy pleasantry with the officers who were qualified to hold a conversation with him in the French language. I remarked that, on these occasions, he always maintains what seems to be an invariable attitude, which has somewhat of importance in it, and probably such as he had been accustomed to display at the Thuilleries, when giving audience to his Marshals or Officers of State. He never moves his hands from their habitual places in his dress, but to apply them to his snuff-box; and it struck me as a particular circumstance, to which I paid an observing attention, though it might have been connected with his former dignity,—That he never offered a pinch to any one with whom he was conversing.

—On the subsequent day he breakfasted

at eleven. His meal consists of meat and claret, which is closed with coffee.——At dinner, I observed that he selected a mutton cutlet, which he contrived to dispose of without the aid of either knife or fork.

—He passed much of the third day on deck, and appeared to have paid particular attention to his toilette. He receives no other mark of respect from the officers of the ship than would be shewn to a private gentleman, nor does he seem to court or expect more than he receives. He is probably contented with the homage of his own attendants, who always appear before him uncovered, so that if a line were drawn round them, it might be supposed that you saw an equal space in the Palace of *Saint Cloud.*

—He played at cards in the evening: the game was Whist, and he was a loser. It did not appear to be played in the same way as is practised at our card-tables in England; but I am not qualified to explain the varieties.

—The whole of the next day Napoleon passed in his cabin. It was generally perceived by his attendants that he was sea-sick ; but he was either so little of a sailor, if that can be supposed, as not to know the ordinary effects of a ship's motion on persons unused to the sea, or he suspected that his Megrim arose from some other cause ; for, it seems, he would by no means allow the salt-water origin of it. None of his people, I presume, would venture, on the occasion, to repeat to him his brother Canute's practical Lecture to his Courtiers, on the unmannerly power of the ocean.

—Among his baggage were two camp-beds, which had accompanied him in most of his campaigns. One of them, a very improbable destination when it was first constructed, was now an essential article of his cabin ; the other was no longer to give repose to some military hero, in the hurry of a campaign, but is pressed by such a marine heroine as Madame Bertrand, amidst the dashing of

waters. They are, however, altogether as comfortable as the combined skill of the upholsterer and the machinist could make them. They are about six feet long and three feet wide, with strong green silk furniture: the frames are of steel, and so worked and shaped as to surprize by their lightness and the consequent ease with which they are moved. When I happened to be seated on one of them, I could not but reflect on the battles of Wagram, Austerlitz, Friedland, *&c. &c.*

This was a situation, where the politician and the sage might be inspired, as it were, to contemplate the changes and the chances of the world; but as I do not presume to possess enough of those characters, either distinctly or collectively, to justify my engaging in a train of reflection on these affecting subjects, I shall leave such employment to your better thoughts, and the exercise of your enthusiastic propensity.

—Notwithstanding it blew fresh, and

there was considerable motion, Buonaparte made his appearance upon deck between three and four, P. M. when he amused himself with asking questions of the Lieutenant of the Watch: such as, how many leagues the ship went in an hour?—whether the sea was likely to go down?—what the strange vessel was on the bow of the *Northumberland?*—In short, enough to prove that nothing escaped his notice. But I could not help smiling when I beheld the man who had stalked so proudly, and with so firm a step over submissive countries, tottering on the deck of a ship, and catching at any arm to save himself from falling; for he has not yet found his sea-legs. Among other objects of his attention, he observed that Mr. Smith, who was taking the usual to-and-fro walk with his brother midshipmen, to be much older than the rest; and, on this account, he appears to have asked him how long he had been in the service; and, being answered—nine years—he observed, that surely, is a long time.—It is, indeed, said Mr. Smith, but part of it was passed in a French prison; and I was, Sir, at Verdun,

when you set out on your Russian campaign." Napoleon immediately shrugged up his shoulders, with a very significant smile, and closed the conversation.

—I must here tell you, once for all, if I have not already made the observation, that he seldom or ever omitted an opportunity of asking a question; and it was about this time that he made a most unexpected enquiry of our Orthodox Chaplain:—whether he was not a *Puritan?* I need not tell you what would be the reply, and you may conjecture, probably, what might be the feelings, of a gentleman clothed in canonical orders, and firm in canonical principles, when he was saluted with such an interrogatory.

He wished also to have his curiosity gratified respecting a religious community in Scotland called *Johnsonians*, who, he understood, were a very active sect in that part of Britain. His conversation, at all times, consisted of questions, which never fail to be put in such a way, as to prohibit a return of them.

To answer one question by another, which frequently happens in common discourse, was not admissible with him. I can conceive that he was habituated to this kind of colloquy, when he sat upon such a throne as that which supported him, and before which no one spoke but when he commanded utterance: nor does he seem disposed to lay it aside when he sits in the cabin, stands in the gangway, or patroles the deck, of a ship, where he is subject to the controul of its commander. The foundation of this singular question, therefore, was not attainable. As in the various plans he had laid for invading our tight little Island, as the song has it, it is not improbable that he might have looked towards the Hebrides, as capable of favouring his design; and, if so, Doctor Johnson's Tour thither might have been curiously consulted, and may I not deduce these *Johnsonians* from such a combination of circumstances?—Many a doubt has been reconciled by more vague conjectures: that eminent writer's opinions, however, as you will probably suggest, are not altogether calculated to form a sect on the

other side of the Tweed. But, *badinage apart*, I should be glad to know the origin of these *Johnsonians;* and if we should be tossed and tumbled, in the course of our voyage, into a sufficient degree of familiarity for me to ask a question of the Ex-emperor, I will endeavour to be satisfied.

—He appeared to be very much struck by two long-boats (gigs) placed with their bottom upwards on our launch on the booms: their singular length attracted his notice, while their particular use and application produced such a succession of enquiries on his part, as almost to suggest an opinion, that he entertained a suspicion of their being a part of the naval apparatus peculiarly provided to prevent his escape from the Island to which he was destined. The answer he received was a quiet remark as to their general employment in the British fleets; to which he made no reply.

—The name of Talleyrand happening to occur in the course of conversation, with our

French shipmates, the high opinion entertained of his talents by the Buonapartists was acknowledged, without reserve. On my asking at what period he was separated from the councils and confidence of Napoleon, it was replied, at the invasion of Spain. I then observed, that the reports in England, respecting that circumstance were correct as to time, and I presumed were equally so as to the cause;—his unreserved disapprobation of that bold and adventurous enterprize. This met with an instant contradiction; which was followed by a most decisive assertion, that the Prince of Benevento approved of the Spanish war, and founded his recommendation of that measure on his unalterable opinion, which he boldly communicated to the Emperor, that his life was not secure while a Bourbon reigned in Europe.

I entered further on this subject with Madame Bertrand, and she actually and most unequivocally asserted, that Talleyrand was in secret communication with Napoleon when they were last at Paris, and that he would have joined them in a month. His

proposed departure from Vienna to take the Waters at Aix la Chapelle was under the cloak of indisposition, to conceal his duplicity. "Can you persuade yourself, Madame," I said, "that Talleyrand, if he had the inclination, possessed the power to influence the Court of Vienna in favour of the Son-in-law." "The court of Vienna! she exclaimed, "O yes, yes: he has the capacity to influence all the courts of Europe!—If he had but joined the Emperor, we should, as this instant, have been in Paris, and France would never more have changed its Master."——Of this man's virtues I heard no eulogium: but you will now be a competent judge how his political talents were appreciated in the French circle on board the Northumberland.

—On my asking Count Bertrand which of the French Generals had amassed the greatest portion of wealth; He, without the least hesitation, mentioned Massena; though, he added, they have all made very considerable fortunes. Macdonald, Duke of Tarentum, he appeared to think had made less than any

other. Of Davoust, Duke D'Eckmuhl, he spoke, to our extreme astonishment, in an animated strain of panegyric, which was instantly met with an outcry from all who heard it, respecting the conduct of that officer, at Hamburgh, which we represented as atrocious beyond example. This he would not allow; on the contrary, he described him as a zealous, correct, and faithful commander; and far from being destitute of humanity; as notwithstanding his notions of military obedience, which were known to be of the most rigid kind, he did not act up to the severity of his instructions. As for his taking a bribe, Bertrand declared him to be incapable of such baseness; and asserted, from his own knowledge, that a very large sum had been offered him, to connive at the sailing of some ships from Hamburgh in the night, which he refused with the disdain of a faithful soldier and an honourable man.

Count de las Cases, also took up the subject of the marshals of France, and spoke of them with very little reserve. He described

Massena as having been originally a Fencing Master; but, that, previous to his campaign in the Peninsula, he was considered by the French nation as equal, if not superior, to Buonaparte in his military capacity. From that period the Count represented him as having dwindled into absolute insignificance. He is avaricious, he said, in the extreme, though he has only one child, a daughter, to inherit his enormous wealth. He then proceeded to relate the following circumstance of the Marshal, as the accidental topic of the moment.

" The preservation of the Army, on crossing the Danube, was boldly attributed by the soldiers who composed it, and consequently re-echoed as the opinion of the nation, to the superior skill, and persevering courage of Massena. It appears, that a sudden and impetuous inundation of the river had destroyed all possible communication between its right and left bank, when half the French force had passed it. The re-

maining half were without ammunition, when Massena threw himself into the village of Estling, where he withstood fifteen repeated attacks of the Austrians, and effected the escape of that part of the French Army from the destruction which threatened it. The eulogiums which the army and the nation lavished on Massena, for his conduct and the success which crowned it, partook of that clamorous character which implied no inconsiderable degree of blame and censure on Buonaparte himself, who was supposed to have felt it. But he contrived, nevertheless, to dissipate the opinion, by conferring the title of Prince of Estling on Massena, as the merited reward, and magnanimous acknowledgment of a service on which depended, for the moment, the success and honourable issue of the campaign. *Soult*, he said, is an excellent officer, and *Ney*, brave to a fault; but *Suchet* possesses a more powerful intellect, with more enlarged information, and political sagacity, as well as more conciliatory manners, than any of the Marshals of France."

He then mentioned Admiral Ganthaume, and asked what character was assigned, in the English News-papers, to that naval officer. I replied, that they gave him no small credit for his spirit in advancing out of Port, and his success in getting back again. "Yes," he answered, with a significant look and tone, "good at hide and seek."—He was the friend of Louis, and then of Napoleon, and then of Louis again: he is, in fact, what you call the Vicar of ————. I assisted him in completing the proverbial expression, by adding the word—BRAY; which he immediately caught, and exclaimed,—"Aye, aye, He is the Vicar of Bray.—He is an old man," the Count added, "but his indiscretions," which, however, he did not particularize, "were rather of a juvenile character."

—In the afternoon our chief Passenger continued longer on deck than he had done before, and his countenance denoted a feeling of disquietude. His questions all related to the state of our progress, and marked an impatience to arrive at the ter-

mination of his voyage. He probably experienced some degree of inconvenience from his confined situation, having been long accustomed to exercise that bordered upon violence. His appearance, I understand, was rather meagre, till about the time that he became First Consul. If he had been otherwise, his campaigns in Egypt were sufficient to have reduced him: but though his exertions both mental and corporeal have since been such as to destroy any constitution but his own, which must have been of an extraordinary internal texture, to have enabled him to sustain them, his health has rather been improved than impaired; and, during the last ten years, he has gradually advanced into corpulence.

—It is a singular circumstance that Count Montholon, whom I have already mentioned as one of the Imperial Aides-de-Camp, is the son of a General officer of that name, whom Buonaparte served in the same capacity during the Revolutionary War.—All the family, except his father and himself, have been decided Royalists, and are possessed of large

property: but the General is dead, while the son has sacrificed fortune, and abandoned his family, to share, with his wife and child, the exiled state of his former Sovereign; whom it is his pride still to love and serve under that title, and with all the feelings of duty and loyalty which his enthusiastic fidelity attaches to it.

—I give you Madame Bertrand's description of young Napoleon, as very beautiful, in order to introduce his father's laconic English account of him. The boy, he says, resembles him only in the upper part of his form. "He has one grand, big head."—The same Lady, speaking of the Buonaparte family, represents the female part in terms of no common admiration. With the exception of the Princess Piombina she describes the sisters as possessed of extraordinary beauty: with these charming women, therefore, and to use the expression of the grand, big head of them all, I shall conclude my second *grand, big* Letter.

&c. &c. &c.

W. W.

AT SEA,

MY DEAR ———,

I have already, I believe, mentioned to you that it was thought a becoming attention to the feelings of the French party to withhold from them the sight of the Newspapers, which were sent off to us before we sailed.

Count Bertrand took an opportunity to ask me if I had perused them; and, on my replying, as you may suppose, in the affirmative, he proceeded to question me as to their contents. I accordingly informed him, that they had observed on the secret visit he was believed to have made to Paris, previous to Napoleon's return to France. His countenance on my communicating this circumstance, instantly indicated a strong feeling of resentment; and it was evidently disclosed by the manner in which he replied.—"I well know" he said, "that the English Newspapers have accused me of visiting Paris in disguise, some months before the Emperor's departure from

Elba. But I solemnly declare that I never set my foot in France in the way that has been attributed to me. I might have gone to Italy, if I had pleased, but I did not quit Elba for a moment till *my* Emperor quitted it.—It has also been asserted on similar authority, That I had taken an Oath of Fidelity to the King:—an assertion that is equally groundless; for, I never once beheld a single individual of the Bourbon Family of France."

—I give you the account of Buonaparte's return to France, as it was casually and briefly related to me.—" The Duke de Bassano was the chief actor. Individuals had gone from several departments in France to Elba, and the then Emperor had been induced to suspect that the allies determined to send him to the Island to which he is now destined. On what authority this apprehension was grounded, not the most distant idea was communicated. It is certain, however, that he entertained it with such seriousness, as to induce him to make the resolute attempt in meditation, before the connecting plot was ripe for overt

measures in France. Even after his little army was embarked, a dispatch arrived from his friends, which contained the most earnest entreaties to postpone his enterprize, if it were only for one month.—Whether, if he had received them before he had quitted the Island, they would have been sufficient to check his impatience and quiet his alarms, was not a subject of conjecture: but be that as it may, whatever the counsels were, they arrived too late to be followed;—the die was cast."

—A circumstance occurred to-day which, as you may well imagine, created no small degree of interest among our passengers, as well as a busy scene of interrogation.—a French brig, with the white flag flying, bore us company.

—General Gourgon amused us with a variety of details respecting the campaigns in Russia and the Peninsula, which he himself witnessed. Of these I shall only select two or three: for recitals which will enliven the monotony of a quarter-deck, may not be worth communicat-

ing to those who are surrounded with the varieties that are to be hourly found in the large circle of social life.—He described the intenseness of the frost in Russia with a degree of astonishment that afforded us some amusement. You may easily guess the wonderful contrast of situation, when a Frenchman, the native of so fine a climate, and who had been serving in Spain, found himself transferred to a part of the globe where the tears became globules of ice on his cheeks; and where the soldiers, stupified as it were by the cold, in the act of shaking themselves, to recover their feeling, would frequently fall down and instantly expire.

—He also mentioned the following curious circumstance at the siege of Saragossa.—The French had mined a Convent, where a body of Spaniards had taken refuge. The besiegers had no intention to destroy the building, but merely to blow up a wall, in order to frighten the besieged into a surrender. The explosion, however, extended further than was expected, and a considerable destruction

of the Spaniards took place, but sixteen of them were described to escape, as you will acknowledge, in a most extraordinary manner. They, it seems, ascended the spire of the church, taking with them an ample supply of arms and ammunition, with which, notwithstanding the utmost efforts of the French, they defended themselves with admirable gallantry and resolution for three days. But this is not all: at the end of that period it was discovered that they had made their escape from the perilous situation, to the extreme astonishment of the besieging party; who, as pious Catholics, might be justified in attributing it to the saving interposition of the Guardian Saint of the Convent. The means, however, which they employed were of mortal contrivance. By the aid of packthread which had been conveyed to them from an adjoining building, they contrived to draw up a sufficient quantity of ropes, with which they let themselves down from the elevated fortress, and effected their preservation. This, I think, may be added to the numerous histories of Castles in the Air: or, if I dare venture any

thing like a Pun to you, of *Châteaux en Espagne.*

During the evening Napoleon addressed his enquiries to Captain Beatty of the Marines, who speaks French with great fluency. They related to the regulations and discipline of the Marine troops, *&c. &c.* Nor could he have chosen an officer who was better qualified to gratify his military curiosity on the subject which at this time employed it.—Captain Beatty had served with Sir Sidney Smith in the East, and was at the Siege of Acre ; an event that is not among Buonaparte's most pleasing recollections. When, however, he was informed of this circumstance, he treated it with great good humour, and seizing the Captain by the ear, exclaimed in a jocular tone, " Ah, you rogue, you rogue ; were you there ?"—He then asked what was become of Sir Sidney Smith : when he was told that the gallant Knight was at this time on the Continent, and had submitted a proposition to the Congress at Vienna to destroy the Corsairs on the Coast of Barbary, an

instant reply was given, "That it was, as it had long been, most disgraceful to the European powers, to permit the existence of such a nest of miscreants." This opinion confirms, in some degree, what has been suggested respecting a proposition that Andreossi is said to have been instructed to make to our Government, during the short peace with Consular France. In this interval of hostilities, a notion is entertained that the First Consul proposed a co-operating expedition between the two powers to destroy, root and branch, the piratical States of Barbary; on which occasion, as the story goes, he offered to supply the military force, if England would engage to furnish all the naval implements, necessary to give effect to an enterprize so honourable to them both.—If such propositions were actually made, there can be no doubt that sufficient reasons then predominated for hesitating in the acceptance of them; and the hasty renewal of the war put an end to all further deliberations, if any had ever existed, on the subject.

—The next enquiries which Napoleon made,

were respecting the British Artillery service: they were addressed to the Captain of Artillery on board, whom he found completely qualified to answer the numerous questions which he addressed to him. I understand that his first entrance into the Army was in the Artillery Corps, and the subject was consequently the more interesting, and a very few weeks only had passed away since he had fully experienced our field tactics in that branch of warfare.—He descended into all the minutæ of the service, and enquired into the state and discipline of the non-commissioned Officers, Bombadiers, Miners, and Privates of every character. The education of the Cadets was also scrutinized, and he particularly asked, if they were instructed by Professors in Mathematics, Natural Philosophy, Chemistry, &c.—and in order that there might be a clear understanding as to the specific terms of art, he called the Count de las Cases to assist in this scientific conversation. The only observations he made were those of surprize at our bringing twelve-pounders into the field, and the strength, as well as perfection, of this

branch of the British military force, of which he seemed not to have entertained an adequate comprehension.

I premised, at the outset of my Epistolary Narrative, that you were to expect sudden transitions to very unconnected objects; and I now give you an almost laughable example, by passing from the artillery of England to the crown jewels of France, of which Buonaparte recovered, as I understand, but one article, which was a Diamond Cross, whose value was estimated at Twelve thousand pounds sterling. I am also informed, that when *Grouchy* telegraphed the capture of the Duke D'Angoulêsme in the South of France, an order was instantly returned, that whatever property was found in his possession, should be instantly restored to him.

You may probably have observed that our chief Passenger does not make his enquiries at random.—Indeed, He always addresses them to such persons as, from their official characters, are particularly qualified to give

explanatory answers: or, which may be the most probable circumstance, the official appearance of persons whom he accidentally encounters suggests the subject of his interrogations, as his curiosity directs itself to the apparent departments of those with whom He at any time converses. He might, therefore, be induced to take me in my own way, when I was an object of his notice; and Physic seems to be no unpalatable subject with him. He thinks very highly of exercise on horseback, as more conducive than any other to the preservation of health; and I have been informed that during his passage in the Bellerophon, and confident in the expectation that he should be received by our Government, he frequently anticipated his enjoyment of the field-sports in England.

—Every one remembers the threatened invasion of England in 1805, and the various conjectures which were formed on this momentous subject. It was not, according to my recollection, by any means, generally considered as practicable; nor did any very great

great apprehensions prevail that it would be attempted. I will, however, give you my authority for the actual intention of carrying it into execution.—Buonaparte positively avers it. He says, that he had two hundred thousand men on the Coast of France opposite to England, and that it was his determination to head them in person. The attempt he acknowledged to be very hazardous, and the issue equally doubtful. His mind, however, was bent on the enterprize, and every possible arrangment was made to give effect to its operations.—It was hinted to him, however, that his Flotilla was altogether insufficient; and that such a ship as the *Northumberland* would run down fifty of them. This he readily admitted: but he stated that his plan was to rid the Channel of English men of war; and for that purpose he had directed *Admiral Villeneuve*, with the combined fleets of France and Spain, to sail apparently for Martinique, for the express purpose of distracting our naval force, by drawing after him a large portion, if not all, of our best ships. Other Squadrons of Observation would

follow; and England might, by these manœuvres, be left sufficiently defenceless for his purpose. Admiral Villeneuve was directed, on gaining a certain latitude, to take a baffling course back to Europe; and, having eluded the vigilance of *Nelson*, to enter the English Channel. The Flotilla would then have sallied forth from Ostend, Dunkirk, Boulogne, and the adjoining ports. The intention was to have dashed at the Capital, by the way of Chatham. He well knew, he added, that he should have had to encounter many difficulties; the object, however, was so great as to justify him in making the attempt. But Villeneuve was met on his return by Sir Robert Calder; and, having suffered a defeat, took refuge in Ferrol. From that Harbour he was peremptorily ordered to Sea, according to his original instructions; but, contrary to their most imperative and explicit intent, he steered his course for Cadiz. "He might as well," exclaimed Napoleon—raising his voice, and encreasing his impetuosity, "he might as well have gone to the East Indies."——Two days after Villeneuve had quitted his anchorage before

Cadiz, a Naval Officer arrived there to supersede him. The glorious Victory of Trafalgar soon followed, and the French Admiral died a few days after his arrival in France: Report says—by his own hand.

—Having given such a specimen of his active spirit, I am about to surprise you, perhaps, by the information that this man, who, in the course of his career, seems scarcely to have allowed himself time to sleep, while he, for so many years kept the world awake, is now become the most decided sleeper on board the *Northumberland.* — During the greater part of the day he reclines on a sofa, quits the card-table at an early hour in the evening, is seldom visible before eleven in the morning, and not unfrequently takes his breakfast in bed. But he has nothing to do, and a Novel will sometimes amuse him.

—It had been a favourite conjecture, in several of the Newspapers, that Buonaparte, who had risqued Death in so many forms in the Field of Battle, and whose courage can-

not, I should suppose, be liable to suspicion, would, nevertheless, play the Coward at last, and put an end to his life, rather than suffer the disgrace of being sent a banished man and a captive to St. Helena. The prevalence of such an opinion reached the ear of the object of it, who calmly replied,—" No, no, I have not enough of the Roman in me to destroy myself."

The subject was continued in consequence of the incidental mention of Mr. Whitbread's name, and the unhappy termination of his life. That circumstance, as well as the political character of Mr. Whitbread, was not altogether unknown to Napoleon. After having described him as a faithful and active friend to his country, but who never betrayed any illiberal or local prejudices against the enemies of it, he seemed disposed to attribute the lamentable event to the moisture of our climate. He was not ignorant of the effects ascribed to our gloomy month of November, and multiplied his questions as to the preva-

lence of fogs in our Island, and their supposed effects on the physical system of its inhabitants, so as to produce those hypocondriac disorders and the *tædium vitæ*, to which self-destruction is frequently imputed. He reasoned for some time with no common ingenuity on the unexpected topic, and concluded with this decisive opinion:—" Suicide is a crime the most revolting to my feelings; nor does any reason present itself to my understanding by which it can be justified. It certainly originates in that species of fear which we denominate cowardice, *(Poltronerie)*. For what claim can that man have to courage who trembles at the frowns of fortune.—True heroism consists in becoming superior to the ills of life, in whatever shape they may challenge him to the combat."

—General Montholon is of a very cheerful, lively disposition; but Madame, *sa tres chere femme*, is in continual application to medical assistance.—Her emperor on enquiring of Mr. O'Meara the state of her health, re-

peated the question of Macbeth, in the following manner:—

" Can a physician minister to a mind diseased,
" Or pluck from memory a rooted evil.

Madame Montholon," he continued, " is alarmed at the idea of St. Helena. She is destitute of that firmness so necessary to her situation, and irresolution is a weakness that is unpardonable even in a woman*."—It is, indeed, very evident, that we are indebted for the company of the ladies in our voyage, to the romantic devotion of the gentlemen their husbands to the object for which it was undertaken. Madame Bertrand could not even persuade her femme de chambre to quit Paris, till she had obtained permission for the woman's husband and son to accompany the suite.

* Mr. O'Meara was Surgeon on board the Bellerophon; and, when Buonaparte's medical attendant declined a continuance of his professional duties, he volunteered his services; a circumstance highly approved of by the Commander of the Chanel fleet.—Nor should I be satisfied with myself if I did not bear testimony to his superior skill in his profession, to the honour of his character, and the virtues of his heart.

—I shall now proceed to give the account of an interesting conversation which I had with the Count de las Cases on the final resolution of Napoleon to throw himself on the generosity of the English Government. He prefaced his narrative with this assurance; " No page of Ancient History will give you a more faithful detail of any extraordinary event, than I am about to offer of our departure from France, and the circumstances connected with it. The future Historian will certainly attempt to describe it; and you will then be able to judge of the authenticity of his materials, and the correctness of his narration.

" From the time the Emperor quitted the capital, it was his fixed determination to proceed to America, and establish himself on the banks of one of its great rivers, where, he had no doubt, a number of his friends from France would gather round him; and, as he had been finally baffled in the career of his ambition, he determined to retire from the world, and beneath the branches of his own fig-tree, in that sequestered spot, tranquilly

and philosophically observe the agitations of Europe."—On my observing that the good people of Washington might entertain very different notions of his philosophy, and rather contemplate with apprehension such a colony as he would establish, Las Cases replied, "Oh, no; the career of Napoleon's ambition is terminated."——He then proceeded.

"On our arrival at Rochfort, the difficulty of reaching the Land of Promise appeared to be much greater than had been conjectured. Every enquiry was made, and various projects proposed; but, after all, no very practicable scheme offered itself to our acceptance. At length, as a *dernier resort*, two chasse-marees, (small one-masted vessels) were procured; and it was in actual contemplation to attempt a voyage across the Atlantic in them. Sixteen Midshipmen engaged most willingly to direct their course; and, during the night, it was thought that they might effect the meditated escape,—We met," continued Las Cases, "in a small room, to discuss and come to a final determination on this momentous

subject; nor shall I attempt to describe the anxiety visible on the countenances of our small assembly.—The Emperor alone retained an unembarrassed look, when he calmly demanded the opinions of his chosen band of followers, as to his future conduct. The majority were in favour of his returning to the army, as in the South of France his cause still appeared to wear a favourable aspect.—This proposition the Emperor instantly rejected, with a declaration, delivered in a most decided tone and with a peremptory gesture,—That he never would be the instrument of a *Civil War* in France.—He declared, in the words which he had for some time frequently repeated, that his political career was terminated; and he only wished for the secure asylum which he had promised himself in America, and, till that hour, had no doubt of attaining.—He then asked me, as a Naval Officer, whether I thought that a voyage across the Atlantic was practicable in the small vessels, in which alone it then appeared that the attempt could be made.—I had my doubts," added Las Cases, " and I had my

wishes: The latter urged me to encourage the enterprize; and the former made me hesitate in engaging for the probability of its being crowned with success.—My reply indicated the influence of them both.—I answered, that I had long quitted the Maritime profession, and was altogether unacquainted with the kind of vessels in question, as to their strength and capacity for such a navigation as was proposed to be undertaken in them; but as the young Midshipmen who had volunteered their services, must be competent judges of the subject, and had offered to risque their lives in navigating these vessels, no small confidence, I thought, might be placed in their probable security.—This project however, was soon abandoned, and no alternative appeared but to throw ourselves on the generosity of England."

"In the midst of this midnight Council, but, without the least appearance of dejection at the varying and rather irresolute opinions of his friends, Napoleon ordered one of them to act as Secretary, and a Letter to

the Prince Regent of England was dictated. —On the following day, I was employed in making the necessary arrangements with Captain Maitland on board the *Bellerophon*. That Officer conducted himself with the utmost politeness and gentlemanly courtesy, but would not enter into any engagements on the part of his Government; and, with the exception of Lieutenant Colonel Planat, every person in the suite of Buonaparte buoyed themselves up with the hopes that they should receive at least, the same treatment which had been manifested to Lucien Buonaparte in your country; and with that consolatory expectation we arrived off the coast of England."

—The performance of Divine Service, as is usual on board His Majesty's ships, to distinguish and offer due honour to the Sabbath Day, happened to introduce a discourse on the subject of Religion with the principal persons of the suite; when we were generally informed that their chief had thought proper, after dinner, to speak on the subject of Religious

Faith: his opinions it was not deemed necessary to communicate any further, than that they were generally of the most liberal and tolerating character.—One circumstance, however, it was thought proper to assert, as from his own instant authority—That his profession of the Faith of Mahomet, and avowed devotion to the Crescent, in Egypt, was a mere act of policy to serve the purpose of the moment.—This fact appeared to be asserted with particular energy, from the knowledge possessed by the party communicating it, of the abhorrence which Buonaparte's having declared himself a Mussulman, excited in England. But the zeal of the moment was not calculated to throw any new light upon the manœuvre, or to soften the original opinion entertained of it.—Indeed, I ought to have told you before, in order to account for any apparent knowledge of the opinions generally prevailing in England, respecting the French Revolution and the leading characters in it, previous to the Peace of Amiens, if allusions should have been made to them,—that the Count de las Cases had resided among us as an Emigrant, till that event.

—I shall here observe, that whenever an opportunity offered, the zealous attendants of Napoleon, never failed to represent him in a manner, that might lessen any unfavourable impressions, which they supposed the English entertained respecting him, whether personal or political. The impetuosity of his temper being mentioned, it was not denied; but his frequent and even habitual correction of it was illustrated by these two anecdotes, which De las Cases related as facts, among many others, known to himself. He related them in the following manner:

"I was at St. Cloud, when Captain Mieulieuse waited upon the Emperor on his return from England.—He had been taken in the Didon, by an English frigate, the Phœnix, commanded by Captain Baker*. On my in-

* A short time previous to the battle of Trafalgar, the Didon was sent from Ferrol by Admiral Villeneuve to ascertain what English ships were off the Coast. This Frigate, carrying 44 guns, and 330 men, had instructions to avoid fighting; but falling in with the Phœnix of 36 guns and 264 men, commanded by Captain Baker, her small size seemed to justify the French Captain in disobeying his orders: he backed his main-top-sail and lay-to till the Phœnix

troducing him, his Majesty said, in a very harsh tone of voice, "So, Sir, you surrendered your colours to an enemy of inferior force: how can you answer for your conduct?"—"Sire," replied Mieuliuse, "I did my utmost; my men would fight no longer."—"If so," answered the Emperor, "when an Officer is disobeyed by his men, he should cease to command: Therefore, begone." About six months after this mortifying reception, and when his conduct had been inquired into, he was appointed to the command of a squadron at Venice.

—"The Emperor had a confidential secretary, a man of superior talents, who was blessed with a disposition so mild, and a temper so smooth, that it was almost impossible to trouble the one, or to ruffle the other. The impetuosity of his Imperial Master, with

ranged up along-side, and commenced the action; when, after a most determined conflict of three hours, part of which time they were on board each other, the Didon struck, being a complete wreck. I was at that time Surgeon of the Phœnix, and can therefore bear testimony to the admirable conduct and bravery of Captain Baker, his Officers and Crew, on this memorable occasion.

the uncertain and unreasonable hours when he was frequently summoned to his duty, and the calm preparation in which he was ever found to perform it, sufficiently proves the character that has been given of him.—Napoleon seldom took a pen into his hand; his general practice was to dictate to others, which he did with the rapidity of thought: and if an idea struck him in the middle of the night, the secretary in waiting was instantly summoned to transmit it to paper. This officer had happened, on one of these hasty occasions, to have mistaken an expression as it was dictated to him, and, for this accidental mistake, was dismissed from the presence in terms of the severest displeasure. The next morning the Emperor sent for his secretary; and when the latter entered the saloon with his usual placid and undisturbed countenance, the Emperor, with rather an angry look, demanded of him if he had slept the preceding night? and, on being informed that he had enjoyed his usual hours of comfortable repose, this reply was given:—'then you have been more fortunate than me; so take your pen;'

and a decree for a very liberal pension to the secretary was instantly dictated."

It was wished, also, to counteract a notion which was imagined to prevail among us, that Napoleon did not possess the active spirit of gallantry towards the Ladies, without which a Frenchman does not believe that any generous, noble, or heroic virtue can exist.—Such an opinion, if it prevailed, was considered by his zealous champions as a most foul and groundless assertion. Among other proofs of his more tender nature, it was said, that he was sincerely attached to Maria Louisa; and it was added, a fond look from her eye would command any thing from his heart.—(Remember, it is a Frenchman who speaks.) At the same time it was avowed, that though she might possess his more permanent affection, her Majesty was known to suspect the possibility of his straying into an occasional infidelity.

It is indeed very well known, that the English ladies whom he saw from the gang-

way of the Bellerophon, drew from him very animated expressions of admiration. Miss Brown, a daughter of General Brown, is said to have fixed his exclusive attention, while she was in a situation to remain an object whose features could be distinguished.

—You may remember, perhaps, that some years since, when the Marquis of Wellesley was Secretary of State for the Foreign Department, that Sir George, then Captain Cockburn, who commanded the Implacable, was particularly chosen to conduct a secret enterprize with Baron de Colai, a Pole, to rescue and secure the escape of Ferdinand VII. of Spain, who was at that time confined in the Castle of Valençay.—I have now the means of throwing some light upon that interesting transaction, by the communications of those who were well acquainted with what I must consider as the unfortunate conclusion of it.

All that could be done by the active, patient, and unremitting vigilance of Captain Cockburn, to whom so important a part of

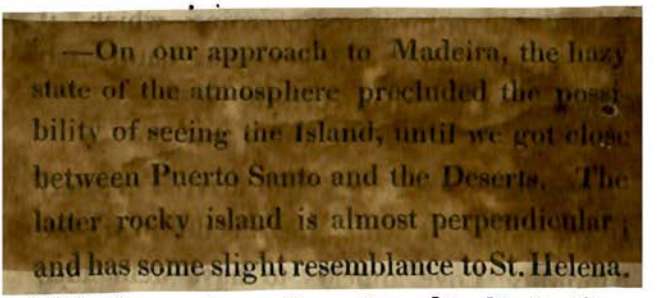
this secret design had been entrusted, was accomplished; and it need not be added, that the officers under his command, shared his persevering spirit. They, in due time, arrived at the spot, where the Baron was to enter upon the part assigned him in the bold and dangerous stratagem; and, as an essential accompaniment of it, money and jewels were artfully concealed in different parts of his dress. He hoped to return in about a month, and all the necessary signals were arranged in order to secure his retreat with his royal prize to the ship. Nothing more, however, was heard of the Baron; and the implacable after a long-continued, tedious, and ever-watchful cruize, returned to port.

The enterprizing Pole now became the subject of various conjectures. He was successively considered as having betrayed his trust, or seized as a spy, and put to death; or that the weak, infatuated Prince, for whose deliverance the enterprizing Baron had devoted himself to so much danger, had betrayed the plot, and involved his romantic adherent

in the fatal consequence of such a discovery. But the mystery of the poor Baron's fate was now to be unfolded. The necessary witnesses for the purpose were in Court: Savary, who was minister of the Police of Paris, at the time of this secret expedition, was in the suite of Napoleon, and could have no objection to tell all that he knew of the business, while his master was on the spot to confirm or correct the statement. There was no difficulty, therefore, for Sir George Cockburn, in his present high official character, to become acquainted with the finale of the bold Baron's adventures; concerning which, it may be presumed, his generous nature felt [illegible] than curiosity.

The Baron, it seems, had arrived in safety at the point to which he was destined, but Almighty Love appears to have demanded his first attentions. A lady, to whom he was ardently attached in Paris, was an irresistible object of attraction, and to that city he bent his first steps: but he had not been two hours within its walls before some of Savary's

myrmidons seized the unfortunate and imprudent Pole, stripped off his cloaths, with their valuable concealments, and consigned him to a prison. So far the stratagem failed of success: but Buonaparte wished to know whether the imprisoned monarch was privy to it. —A proper person was therefore selected to personate the Baron, and with all his false passports and rich clothes, introduced himself to Ferdinand; but though the guards were purposely withdrawn, to give all possible facility for his escape, the imprisoned King dared not encounter the danger of the attempt.


—On our approach to Madeira, the hazy state of the atmosphere precluded the possibility of seeing the Island, until we got close between Puerto Santo and the Deserts. The latter rocky island is almost perpendicular; and has some slight resemblance to St. Helena.

This circumstance I mentioned to De las Casses, and he instantly communicated it to Napoleon, who had quitted the dinner-table sooner than usual, and joined a few of us on the poop: but the comparison of what he now

saw, with his gloomy notions of the place where he was shortly to abide, produced not a single word. He gave an energetic shrug, and a kind of contemptuous smile; and that was all.—The sloping front and luxuriant aspect of the island of Madeira could not but excite an unpleasant sensation, when contrasted with the idea he had entertained of the huge black rock of St. Helena.—I had presented Johnson's Work on the Influence of Tropical Climates on European Constitutions to his perusal. That writer has been very lavish of his encomiums on St. Helena; but he acknowledges that he only lay at anchor off it for three days; and its acute reader ridiculed the glowing descriptions which were founded on such a transient and imperfect view of the place.

A Sirocco wind had blown for forty-eight hours previous to our arrival at the Madeiras, and had done considerable damage to the vines of the Island.—This circumstance will be indubitably attributed by the superstitious inhabitants to the malign appearance of

Buonaparte on their coast; and all the saints were probably invoked to hasten our departure.

With the fine landscape of the rich and fruitful spot before us, I conclude this Letter. —My next may, perhaps, inform you of our arrival at the barren and rocky scene of St. Helena. But, wherever I may be, you well know, I trust, with what truth,

I am, &c. &c.

W. W.

AT SEA,

MY DEAR——,

OUR great man seldom suffered a day to pass without making particular enquiries respecting the health of the crew; and the nature of such diseases as then prevailed among them, with the particular mode of treatment. The complaints then prevalent on board the Northumberland required a free use of the lancet. We had a young, healthy, florid crew, on our quitting

England, with constitutions liable to be influenced with increase of temperature. He seemed to entertain a very strong prejudice against bleeding, which he called the Sangrado practice, nor did he fail to treat our first conversations on the subject with a degree of humour and pleasantry, which proved that the great events of his life had not driven from his recollection the solemn satire of Le Sage. He urged the propriety of sparing the precious fluid, under an apprehension of its deficiency, when, as he conceived, the food on board a ship was not sufficiently nutritious to restore it. A Frenchman, he exclaimed, would never submit to the discipline of the Spanish Doctor. And on my observing that the French did not eat quite so much beef as Englishmen, he peremptorily denied the fact;—"to the full as much," he said, "but they cook it differently."—He was, however, open to conviction; and when he had been made to understand the general health of our fleet, and had witnessed the good effects of the practice which he had so forcibly reprobated and ridiculed, he no longer argued

against it; but always mentioned it with some facetious observation. On meeting me, he would apply his fingers to the bend of the opposite arm, and ask—" well, how many have you bled to-day ?" Nor did he fail to exclaim, when any of his own people were indisposed—" O bleed him, bleed him ! To the powerful lancet with him : that's the infallible remedy."——He had, however, seen the good effects on Madame Bertrand. That lady was attacked with an inflammatory Fever, when she submitted to lose two pounds of blood, as well as to abstain from wine and all animal food : but the Sangrado system effected her cure, and confirmed the proselytism of her Emperor to the practice.

Of his own state of health he has good reason to boast : and when it is considered to how many various climates he has exposed himself, and what a succession of toil he has undergone during the last twenty-five years, the excellent health he has enjoyed, and still enjoys, is altogether astonishing.—He declares that he has been but twice, throughout

his life, in such a state as to demand medical aid. He took a dose of physic for the first complaint; and the second, being a pulmonic affection, required a blister. Mr. O'Meara, his own surgeon, speaks with admiration of his temperament, and says, that his pulse never exceeds sixty-two. His own spontaneous account of himself is, that he is very passionate; but that the violence of his disposition soon subsides, not only into tranquillity, but into coldness and indifference.—I have never heard that, in speaking of his constitution and uncommon state of health, he ever hinted at the advances of age, or calculated the probabilities of his enjoying length of life. —He has indeed been known to say, and to repeat the opinion, that he ought to have died on the day when he entered Moscow; as he then had arrived at the summit of his military glory. It has been even said by some of his few surrounding friends, that he should himself have determined not to survive it.

—I must beg leave to return to the subject of blood-letting, as a conversation took place

which had escaped me, and is an additional proof of his curiosity or anxiety, or perhaps both of them, respecting it.—He called me to him on the quarter-deck, and asked the following professional questions :—" Can a person, labouring under a tropical disease, requiring what you call the free use of the lancet, promise himself an equal share of health, eighteen months after, as he had before the system of depletion?"——" How long are the vessels filling after being partially emptied of blood; and what quantity can the human body lose without producing death?"—After reasoning for some time on the subject of these questions, I surprized him with the account of a very extraordinary case then subject to my treatment.——A seaman was put on the sick list; the disease an inflammation of the stomach. On the second day the pulse beat 150 in the minute, and not an article of food or of medicine was retained by the stomach for two minutes. In the course of three days the patient lost fifteen pounds of blood; when the pulse, though still full, was reduced to 87 beats. Nothing solid remained on his sto-

mach for three months, nevertheless the man recovered. This you will say was a case in point; and enough to make any one a convert to the application of the lancet. He described to me a pulmonic complaint with which he was affected on his return from Egypt; and asked me what treatment I should have adopted in his case. "Would you have done as *Covisart* did? he blistered me twice." I replied that, most probably, I should have bled previous to the application of a blister, as in the commencement of pectoral affections, they are generally attended with inflammation. The conversation afforded me, as I thought, rather a fair opportunity of asking him, if his sleep was generally sound; I felt at the time, that it was an adventurous question; nor would it have surprized me, if he had turned away without giving me an answer; but, with a look more expressive of sorrow than displeasure, he replied, "No: —from my cradle, I have been an indifferent sleeper."

Adieu, &c. &c.

AT SEA,

MY DEAR ———,

I shall begin this Letter, by introducing a very interesting person to your attention; and who, in our various quarter-deck conversations, had not been hitherto mentioned. It was the Empress Josephine.—Her name happening to occur, she became the spontaneous subject of very animated eulogiums; when she was represented as possessing a sweetness of disposition, an elegance of manners, and a certain melody of voice that irresistibly charmed every one, without any exception as to situation or capacity, who were admitted to her presence.—The sudden death of this excellent Lady was very generally lamented, and is attributed to a very extraordinary circumstance, and a very exalted personage. I will relate the event to you in the words, as far as memory serves, in which the Count de las Cases conveyed it as an undeniable fact to me.—Josephine, it seems, had so far won the admiration and

high esteem of the Emperor Alexander, that his Imperial Majesty used to dedicate many of his leisure hours to the pleasure of her fascinating conversation. His visits were not only frequent but continual during his stay at Paris.—Her state of health was but indifferent, and on some particular occasion, her physician had prescribed medicines of a nature that required the utmost care and precaution, and an absolute confinement to her chamber: but, at this time, the Emperor paid one of his visits, when her respect for him rendered her incautious, and she received the Imperial guest in the usual manner. They walked, during the time of his stay, in the gardens of Mal-Maison; and the consequence of this promenade was fatal:—she was seized with a violent inflammation in the lungs, which defied all medical assistance, and in a few days she was no more.

—From the same authority I give you an account of her marriage with Napoleon, which certainly differs as far as my recollection serves, from the credited histories of that event: it is

not, however, for me to attempt a reconciliation of opposing narratives; but to relate, for your amusement, what I have heard, and the author of my information: it is as follows.—

An order which was issued by the CONVENTION to disarm the citizens, occasioned the introduction of Buonaparte, then a General, and high in military command, to Josephine. Her husband, was said to have suffered eighteen months before the circumstance about to be mentioned. He had left a son Eugene Beauharnois, at this time a most interesting youth, who took an opportunity to address the General on the Parade, and solicit his father's sword; which, according to the late order, had been removed from his mother's residence. Buonaparte, charmed by the request, and the animated modesty with which it was made, instantly granted it. The mother wrote a letter the following day to thank the General for his kindness to her son. This grateful attention produced a visit on his part, and the Lady not being at home, she sent a note of apology and particular invitation. An inter-

view of course followed: He was instantly captivated, and in six weeks they were married.—It has been generally thought, I believe, that the second marriage did not obliterate his regard for her: and it is here asserted, by those who were qualified to form a correct opinion of the matter, that he would have given more evident proofs of his regard, if the jealousy of the second Empress had not interposed to prevent them.

—Having induced you, perhaps, to suppose that Napoleon was susceptible of love, I shall introduce Madame Bertrand to persuade you, that he is not without a capacity for friendship.—She related, in a very impressive manner to us, the last interview with Duroc, Duke of Frieuli, and his afflicted Sovereign.

That officer, who, as it will appear, stood high in his Master's regard and confidence, was struck by a cannon-ball, as he was reconnoitring the position for a night encampment of the army, and his bowels fell to the ground; when he had the extraordinary resolution to

collect and replace them with his own hands, on the spot. In this hopeless state he was removed to a neighbouring cottage, where he survived twenty-four hours.—A mortification soon took place, and a very offensive smell began to issue from his body, which continued to increase. After he had been some time in this state, the Emperor came to visit and console him. The dying man, after expressing his acknowledgements to his Master for this gracious act of kindness, which he accompanied with sentiments of the utmost loyalty and devotion, recommended his wife and daughter to the Imperial protection; and then entreated him to depart, lest the effluvia proceeding from him might be attended with infection.—She represented Napoleon's grief as perfectly romantic, and stated as a fact, that he lay, for it is not to be supposed that he slept, a whole night on the stone which covered the grave of his friend.

—She also mentioned that he possessed an equal attachment to Lasnes, Duke of Montebello, who was killed at the battle of

Esling, when a similar scene of affliction and regard took place.—That brave officer had been obliged to submit to the amputation of one leg just below the knee, and the other just above the ancle. Buonaparte and Bertrand visited him in this unhappy condition, on the left bank of the Danube. Bertrand was endeavouring to console him by comparing his situation to that of the brave Caffarelli, when he, with a certain eagerness of expression, thus interrupted him:—"The attachment of Caffarelli to the Emperor was cold, when compared with the affection which I feel."

—It was on a Sunday, at the Admiral's table, that Buonaparte catechised the Chaplain of the Northumberland in the following curious and unexpected manner: though the learned Divine is well qualified to have answered a far more profound enquiry respecting the Faith which he teaches, and the things that belong to it.

—How many Sacraments does the Church of England acknowledge?

Two—Baptism and the Lord's Supper.

—Does not the Church of England consider Marriage as a Sacrament?

No.

—What are the Tenets of the Church of England?

The Tenets of the Church of England are Lutheran, or Episcopal Protestant.

—How often is the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper administered?

In the churches of the metropolis, and other cities and large towns, the Eucharist is observed *monthly;* but in the country churches, where the population is not so large, *quarterly.* The Festivals of the Nativity of our Saviour, or Christmas Day; of the Resurrection, or Easter Sunday; the Descent of the Holy Ghost, or Whit-sunday; and the Feast of St. Michael, are the quarterly observations of the Eucharist.

—Do all the communicants drink out of the same cup?—They do.

—Is the bread made use of in the Sacrament common bread?

The bread is of wheat, and the best that can be conveniently procured.

—Supposing that wine could not be procured in the Administration of the Sacrament, would any other liquid be allowed as its substitute?

It is not at all probable that a case of this kind ever occurred: wine being to be procured in every part of the kingdom.

—Do the bishops frequently preach?

Seldom but on extraordinary occasions.

—Do they wear the mitre?

I believe I may venture to say—never. Though I cannot affirm whether the archbishops do or do not wear the mitre, when they crown the King.

—Have not the bishops a seat in the House of Peers?

They have.

—How long is it requisite for persons who are candidates for Holy Orders at the University, to have resided there?

Four years:—but previous to their becoming members of the University, they are

generally seven or eight years at a classical school.

—Of how long standing must a person be in the University, before the degree of a Doctor of Divinity?

Nineteen years from the time of his matriculation.

—Which are the most approved places of education for the candidates for Holy Orders?

The universities of Oxford and Cambridge.

—Are there many Puritans (meaning Presbyterians) in England?

There are a great many.

—What are the religious tenets of the Church of Scotland?

The tenets of that Church are Calvinistic. They do not allow episcopacy or the government by bishops. They are Presbyterians, because they hold the government of priests, and presbyters or elders.

—To whose custody are the registers of baptisms, marriages, and deaths committed?

They are generally entrusted to the care of the minister; but it is a more regular proceeding to keep them in a strong chest which

remains in the vestry-room of the parish church. This chest is guarded by three locks of different construction; so that it cannot, or at least ought not, to be opened, without the concurrence of three persons—the minister, and the two church-wardens; who, each of them, possess their official and separate key.—The idea of keys and locking up, might not excite sensations altogether pleasing to the extraordinary Captive, for here he closed his enquiries.

It may be said that every thing is possible, if it should please God; as was observed, according to the story, by a Dutch burgomaster, when a man was brought before him who was accused of having bit off his own nose. But at all events, it may be considered as a very striking article of the chapter of improbabilities, in any preceding part of Buonaparte's life, that he should ever be found catechizing the chaplain on board an English man of war bound for St. Helena, respecting the forms, ceremonies, tenets, &c. of the Anglican church.

—The ceremony of crossing the line, a day of jubilee to the voyagers of every maritime nation, is so well known, that it would be superfluous to give a minute description of it; though more than usual ceremony was displayed on the present occasion: and it must be acknowledged that the French party submitted with the best grace, that is to say, with the most perfect good humour, to the novel freedoms of the marine Saturnalia:—Nor had the Neptune and Amphitrite of the day any cause of complaint. They were seated in a boat filled with water, the throne a match-tub, and the sceptre a painter's brush. They were surrounded by their Tritons, consisting of fifty or sixty of the most athletic men in the ship, naked to the waist, and bedaubed with various colours, each bearing a pail of salt water, to drench, more or less, the subjects of the briny god. The licence of the pastime may be imagined, when Captain Ross, who commanded the ship, received the contents of one of them with perfect pleasantry.

—Bertrand, Montholon, Gourgond, and De las Cases, with all the domestics, presented themselves to the temporary, but potent Neptune, and received, with the necessary cheerfulness, their share of his ablutions. The two former led their children forward, each of them presenting, from their extended little hands, a double Napoleon as their offering to the presiding deity of the deep. A sea-boy sung the song of "The snug little Island," some of whose lines were not very complimentary to the enemies of Great Britain, but not an unpleasant look was produced by them. The ladies viewed the scene from an elevated position, and appeared to be equally amused and astonished at the festivities of it. Neptune was rather disappointed that Napoleon did not make his appearance, though he acknowledged the sovereign dignity by sending his tribute.—In short, harmony prevailed to the close of this festive medley.

—You, my dear friend, who have afforded a vigilant attention to every part of Napoleon's extraordinary career, and to su-

tisfy whose prevailing curiosity concerning him, I have become a writer of biography, such as it may prove ; you, I say, may remember, though it does not occur to me, that a rumour prevailed after the Treaty of Tilsit, of a projected marriage between the Emperor of France and a Russian princess.—This circumstance seems to be acknowledged here; and it is said, moreover, that the failure of this negociation arose from the bigotry of the lady's royal mother, who insisted on the establishment of a Greek church in the palace of the Thuilleries.—I merely state it as a little article of our political chit-chat; for your political amusement.

—I recur once more to the person of this object of your inquisitive spirit, as it leads to circumstances (I know they will not be thought trifling by you,) which are connected with this additional description of it. He has an uncommon face; large, full and pale, but not sickly. In conversation, the muscles suffer little or no exertion: with the exception of those in the immediate vicinity of the mouth,

the whole seemed fixed, and the forehead perfectly smooth. That of a Frenchman is generally wrinkled, from the habitual, muscular exertion of the countenance, which we denominate grimace: but however earnest Napoleon may be in conversation, he discovers no distortion of feature. When he wishes to enforce a question, he sometimes employs his hand, but that alone: and were I describing a *Petit Maître*, I might attribute the display to its uncommon handsomeness.—He sometimes smiles, but I believe he seldom laughs.—I have never observed, when laughter has prevailed around him, that he has caught the pleasant infection. The interesting children on board, who amuse every body, do not attract his attention. There is a large, good-tempered Newfoundland dog, who is a frequent and rather a rude play-fellow of these urchins; and in a situation where no active entertainments are exhibited, the interludes of these performers afford no small degree of amusement to those around them. But they have never won a smile, that I have observed, from the Ex-imperial spectator.——Once,

indeed, when Bertrand was in conversation with his Master, the Count's little girl, intruded upon it, with a story which all her father's prohibitions could not silence. On this occasion Napoleon took her by the hand, heard out her little tale, and at the conclusion kissed her. But this very uncommon attention was probably paid to the child as the only mode of getting rid of her, which might not have been painful to the feelings of the father.

—You will say, perhaps, when you have read a little further, that we are very much in want of amusements on board a ship, which we certainly know as well as you, and that we are pleased with little things; however, as you are the father of children, I will tell you something which I think will amuse *you*.—Frequent attempts are made on the loyalty of the little Bertrands, by courting them, in very seducing ways, to say—— *Vive le Roi*, and *Vive Louis dix huit!* But the two eldest are loyal children, and true, and never fail to reply with, *Vive L'Empe-*

reur.—The youngest of the three was however, at length, bribed by irresistible sweetmeats, to say——*Vive Louis dix huit;* for he, like other cautious politicians, could not be persuaded to go all lengths, and add—*Vive le Roi.* But this daring defection never failed to be followed by the reproaches of his uncorruptible brother and sister.—This charming boy is said to bear a strong resemblance to the young Napoleon, and has acquired the title among us of *John Bull*, which he triumphantly retains; and if asked who he is,—appears pleased to exclaim—*Jean Booll.*

—You have known me long, and have been acquainted with my general views in life: but who can foresee what he may come to!—and could you suppose that I should ever be a teacher of the English language, and to the late Grand Marshal of the Palace of the Thuilleries; though I have reason to be proud of my scholar for his amiable disposition, soldier-like frankness, and cultivated mind. He speaks English intelligibly, but with a very French accent. This he wished to im-

prove, and I undertook to read with him. Such has been my task for an hour or two every day during the last fortnight. We have got through the Vicar of Wakefield with great success ; Roderic Random, the never-failing novel of a seaman, now occupies us. The sea terms and the seaman's language are rather perplexing, as my persevering scholar will not suffer a single sentence to pass by without the best explanation that I can find. The Tour of Doctor Syntax yet remains, and will probably last us to St. Helena.

—As you have desired me to omit nothing, however trifling, that relates to, or is authentically related of, our chief Passenger, I shall just mention that Count Bertrand, in the history which he gave of the German campaign in 1807, took occasion to observe that Buonaparte had very seldom employed spies.—He appeared, in the course of his warfare, to know but one instance of a person being engaged by his master in that capacity, which was in Italy ; at the same time he acknowledged that the services performed by him

were of considerable importance.—In speaking also of Napoleon's talents, for which he uniformly avows the most profound admiration, he expressed himself to the following effect :—" When I was first admitted to the Emperor's confidence, he employed me on a particular service, and no zeal was wanting, on my part, to execute it ; but I found it, as I thought, to be impracticable ; and I did not hesitate to submit my opinion to him that it was so. It may be so to you, he replied, but in what manner did you proceed ? I accordingly explained the means I had pursued. You have failed, he said, in following your plans : now see what success you will have in pursuing mine. These he explained—I adhered to them of course, and succeeded.—— I then determined never again to suppose that any commands of his could fail of being fulfilled ; and in any future operations which he entrusted to me, the idea of impossibility never occurred to my thoughts in the performance of my duty, or was forced upon me by my experience in the failure of it."

—I have observed, that at cards, our extraordinary man plays rather a negligent game, and loses his money with great good humour. Nay, he is frequently inaccurate in reckoning his points, *&c.*; but as often, most assuredly, to his loss as his gain. At chess, indeed, which is a scientific game, independent of fortune, and considered as being connected with a leading branch of military tactics, he may not possess, perhaps, the same indifference. However that may be, I shrewdly suspect that Montholon, when he plays with him, takes care to be the loser.—I have read, though I know not where, that some great commander, on being beat at chess by one of his officers, was so infuriated by the jealousy of the moment, that he drew forth a pistol and dispatched his conqueror.—I wonder whether the Aide-de-Camp has ever heard this story!

—Having crossed the Line, the South-West winds occasioned our making a sweep off the Gulph of Guinea, before we were enabled to shape a course for our destined port.

The declining sun of the 14th of October, 1815, shot out a parting ray e'er it sunk beneath the horizon. Under this small illumined space, was obscurely perceived the lofty Peak of Saint Helena.—The memorable morning soon dawned which was to usher in the commencement of Napoleon's exile. This new feature in his history will be the subject of my next Letter.

&c. &c. &c.

W. W.

ST. HELENA,

———.

MY DEAR ——,

THE sensation excited in the little interesting Colony of St. Helena, on the arrival of this extraordinary Guest, may be more easily imagined than described. Curiosity, astonishment, and interest combined to rouse the inhabitants from their habitual tranquillity, into a state of busy activity and inquisitive solicitude.

Napoleon did not leave his cabin for a full hour after the ship had anchored in the bay; however, when the deck became clear, he made his appearance, and ascended the poop ladder, from which he could examine every gun that bristles at the mouth of James Valley, in the centre of which the town of that name, and the only one in the Island, is situate.—While he stood there, I watched his countenance with the most observant attention, and it betrayed no particular sensation: He looked as any other man would look at a place which he beheld for the first time. —I shall also take this opportunity to mention that, during the whole voyage, from the moment the Northumberland set sail from England, to its arrival at St. Helena, I never saw any change in the placid countenance and unassuming manners of our distinguished shipmate; nor did I hear of a discontented look, or a peevish expression, being remarked by any other person in the ship. The Ladies, indeed, discovered some distress on the first view of their rocky cage; but their general conduct on the occasion, displayed a degree

27443

of self-possession which was not expected of them.

The first object of the Admiral was to make the necessary arrangements for the accommodation of Napoleon and his Suite; and the Lieutenant-Governor's house was appropriated for that purpose, till a proper place could be prepared for his fixed residence. It was not, therefore, till the 17th, that they disembarked.—After sun-set, on that day, when the inhabitants of the town, wearied out in waiting for the spectacle of Buonaparte's landing, had retired to their homes, he, according to the wish he had expressed, passed unobserved to the house where he was to pass the first night as an inhabitant of St. Helena.

—At an early hour of the following morning, the General was on horseback, accompanied by Sir George Cockburn. They ascended the mountain to *Longwood*, which was to be the tranquil residence of a man, on an isolated rock in Africa, who had pos-

sessed gorgeous palaces in so many of the splendid cities of Europe.

About a mile from the town, and midway up the mountain, stands the country-house of a most respectable man and a merchant of the Island, Mr. Balcombe? It is named *The Briars*, and is situated on a level spot, which might almost be imagined to have been formed by art in the steep ascent. It occupies about two acres, and is bountifully supplied with water, by whose irrigating influence a pleasing and contrasted scene of vegetation, enriched by fruit-trees, has been produced; and seems, as it were, suspended between the heights above and the depths below.—Here Napoleon, on his descent from Longwood, was induced to call; and such was the hospitable importunity of the amiable master of the mansion, that he relinquished his intention of returning to the valley, and thereby avoided the public gaze that was waiting his appearance.

On an elevated mound, about fifty yards

from the house, is a Gothic building, having one room below, and two small apartments above. This Masonette Napoleon chose for his residence, till *Longwood* could be completed. There was no choice in the arrangement of this confined abode: the ground-floor was, of course, occupied by him, while De las Cases, with his son, who was a page, and the valet in waiting were to possess the upper story,

A few days after he had fixed his residence at the *Briars*, I called to pay him a complimentary visit, when I found him reclining upon a sofa, apparently incommoded by the heat. He had been, he said, amusing himself with a walk in the garden; but that towards noon he found it necessary to shelter himself from the sun, beneath his little roof. He appeared to be in very good spirits, and expressed himself with great civility to me, as well as in his enquiry after the officers of the Northumberland.—After some general questions respecting the restrictions on visiting him, he said, "I find there is a considerable

force on the Island, full as many as the produce of the place is capable of maintaining. What could induce your government to send out the fifty-third regiment? There was, surely, a sufficient force before for my security; but this is the way that you English people get rid of your money."——To this observation I did not hesitate to reply.—"When a measure is once resolved upon, you, General, will acknowledge it to be the best policy to employ all the means that may secure its being carried into complete effect."—You, my friend, may think, that I hazarded his displeasure by my answer; but the manner in which he received it, convinced me that he was better pleased with my frankness, than if I had hammered out a compliment, in which manufactory you well know that I am but an unskilful workman. I now took my leave, and strolled down with Count Bertrand to dinner.

It was not till some time in November, that I paid a second visit to the *Briars*, whither an invitation to dine with Mr. Balcombe

had called me. As I reached the spot some time before the dinner-hour, I proposed to amuse myself in examining the cultivated spots, attached to the domain. I accidentally took the path which leads to the gardens, and at the gate where it terminates there is a narrow goats' passage, whose sides are lined with prickly pear bush. At the angle formed by the two paths, I met Napoleon clattering down from among the rocks in his heavy military boots. He accosted me with an apparent mixture of satisfaction and surprise ; and reproached me in terms of great civility for my long absence. There was a rough deal board placed as a seat between two stones, on which, after having brushed away the dust with his hand, he sat himself down, and desired me to take my place by him.—Las Cases soon joined us, for in scrambling through these rocky paths, his Master, badly as he walks, had got the start of him. On all sides of the spot where we seated, rocks were piled on rocks to the height of a thousand feet above our heads, while there was an abyss of equal depth at our feet. Nature seems in a

sportive mood to have afforded this level space for a semi-ærial dwelling; and while I was gazing with some astonishment on the barren wonders of the scene around me——"Well," said Napoleon, with a smile, "what say you to it?—and can you think that your countrymen have treated me kindly?"—I had but one answer to such a question; and that was, by not giving any answer at all.—His conversation then turned upon the state and character of the Island, of which, he observed, all the books he read respecting it, during the voyage, had given a very partial representation, unless there were parts of a more pleasing aspect than any he had seen in his rides to *Longwood*, which comprehended the utmost extent of his observation. His conversation was, on this occasion, as on all others when I have been with him—easy, good-humoured, and familiar, without the least taint of his former greatness: and, whenever the topic would admit of it, he never failed to give an air of cheerfulness to his remarks. On my mentioning the activity of the Admiral in superintending the repairs at Longwood, and

that it would probably be ready to receive him in the course of a month;—He replied, your Admiral knows, I doubt not, to a moment, in what time a ship may be got ready, but as an architect, I think his calculations will fail.—I maintained, however, that whether it was upon land or sea, Sir George Cockburn was of a character that would ensure success in whatever he might be called upon to undertake.—I added, that the officers were actually employed in accompanying the seamen to Longwood, with the materials necessary for its completion. He then enquired after those gentlemen whose names he endeavoured to recollect; and expressed a wish to see them as they passed; "If," said he, "they will be contented to visit me as you now do, in the fields; as my present habitation, which serves me for breakfast, dinner, and bed-room, is not precisely calculated to receive company."

The *Briars* had derived, and will ever retain a certain degree of celebrity, from its having been the unexpected residence of Na-

poleon; and this circumstance will, I doubt not, bring to your recollection, the various instances where remote and obscure situations, which never formed the smallest speck on a map, have, by accidental events, become important points in the geography of the historian.—Napoleon frequently makes one of Mr. Balcombe's family parties, where he is neither troublesome or intrusive, but conducts himself with the manners of a gentleman, and a lively demeanour that promotes the general vivacity of the domestic circle*.—I have not heard of any instance of his discontent but on the following occasion.—Since he has been at the *Briars*, an officer of Captain's rank is constantly in attendance there, and becomes answerable for his person. This, I understand, has occasioned remonstrances to the Admiral, who has not thought proper to answer them with any relaxation of this duty.

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* I have since seen, in the English Newspapers, accounts of his playing at cards for sugar-plumbs, being impetuous with a child, and engaging in something like monkey tricks; for which there is not the least foundation of any kind.

Napoleon having complained of the intrusion of visitors, during his stay at the *Briars*, it afforded the Admiral an opportunity of executing the orders transmitted from England with a degree of delicacy, which, whoever has the pleasure of knowing him, must be satisfied that he would prefer. It was accordingly ordered, that no one should be permitted to visit *Longwood*, without a passport from the Admiral or the Governor.

On his removal thither, certain limits were assigned him for exercise, around which a cordon of centinels were stationed. While he continues within the circle he experiences no additional vigilance; but when he ventures beyond, an officer is on duty to attend him. The latter circumstance, which he considers as irksome, disposes him to confine himself in a great measure to the grounds of his mansion.

The indisposition of General Gourgond occasioned my passing much of my time at Longwood. The disease, from its commencement, had assumed very unfavourable appear-

ances; and my friend Mr. O'Meara, whom I have already introduced to you as the Ex-Imperial surgeon, was desirous that we should be together during the treatment.

My first visit, on this occasion, was attended with some particulars, which, I presume, from your rivetted attention to the principal character in the scene, you will not think unworthy of being related.——About six in the evening I reached *Hutsgate*, a small house on the Longwood Road, about a mile from the principal residence, and the habitation of Count Bertrand. It consists of two small apartments below, and the same number above: But in this cottage, health reigns, the children are charming, and care seems to be banished from it.—A volume might be filled with all I knew of this family. Most of my spare hours during the voyage were dedicated to reading English with the Marshal; and, in return, he gave an history of some of the campaigns in which he had served. He would often say, "You are de bad master: you will hear all, and speak to me none." Napoleon, when enquiring after

me, during our passage, would distinguish me by the title of *Bertrand's Friend.*—— Madame insisted upon my dismounting from my horse and accompanying her in the carriage to Longwood, as her husband had gone on before. It was now growing dusk, and as we approached the house, we saw her Emperor, as she always called him, and Bertrand in conversation close to the road-side. "Now," said the Lady, "let us surprize them: shew yourself at the carriage window as we pass; when they will fancy a gallant, and it will remind them of Paris tricks."—We passed them at a quick pace; I obeyed my instructions, and, having handed the Countess from the carriage, she left me to go and explain who the stranger was.—In a few minutes I received a message from Napoleon himself, with an invitation to dinner.—I very readily accepted it, as you may imagine; and was rather pleasingly surprized at it; as he had for some time confined his guests to his own suite. I had no means of presenting myself but in my riding equipments, and in such guise I made my entré.—General Montholon, in full dress, received me in the anti-

chamber, and introduced me to an adjoining room, where Buonaparte was engaged at Chess with the Count Bertrand. He received me with the common salutations, very civilly expressed, and, on my taking a position behind his chair, as if to observe the game, he continued the contest.—There was little conversation among the party in the room; and that was carried on in a kind of respectful whisper, which, as I knew not how to adopt, was interrupted at times by the *thorough-bass* of my answers to the questions which were addressed to me.

A very short time before dinner was announced, General Montholon whispered in my ear, that I was to take my seat at table between the *Emperor* and the *Grand Marshal.*—Here are honours for you, and I will give you leave to figure your plain, humble, unassuming friend in his elevated station. I cannot say that my situation resembled that of Sancho Pancha, because every dish was at my service; but a piece of roast beef or a leg of mutton with caper sauce, would have afforded

a relief to my appetite which has never been familiarised with ragouts and fricassees.—I had Napoleon on my right, and the Marshal on my left; and there was a vacant chair, that had the air of ceremonious emptiness, as a reserved seat for Maria Louisa. A bottle of claret and a decanter of water was placed by each plate: but there was no drinking to each other at dinner; and if you did not help yourself during the time it lasted, the opportunity would be lost, as the wine vanished with the eatables. The service of porcelain far exceeds in beauty whatever of that kind I have beheld. The silver plate is massive, and decorated with eagles in curious abundance; the gold service appeared in the desert.—The entertainment lasted about an hour, and so frequent were the questions of my host, that from the perplexity I suffered in conjuring up answers to them, I scarce knew what I eat, or what I drank.——I will endeavour to give you a general specimen of his convivial enquiries.

—Have you visited General Gourgond?—

Yes, General, I came to Longwood for that purpose.—How have you found him?—Extremely ill.—What is his disorder?—Dysentry.—Where is its seat?—In the intestines?—What has been the cause?—Heat of climate on a constitution peculiarly predisposed; but remove the cause and the effect will cease. Had he been bled in the first instance, it is probable that the disease would have been less violent.—What remedy is now proposed?—The functions of the liver and other viscera are deranged: To restore them, therefore, to a healthy action, it will be necessary to have recourse to Mercury.—That is a bad medicine. Experience has taught me the contrary.—Did *Hippocrates* use it? I believe not: He had great faith in simples.—Yet, he is considered as among the first physicians.—He might, nevertheless, have derived great advantages from modern discoveries.—Does not Nature endeavour to expel morbific matter; and may not the present painful struggles be an effort of Nature to rid herself of what is obnoxious? I have been taught to assist Nature.—And could not you do so without

having recourse to this dangerous mineral? Experience has convinced me that Mercury, provided it produces salivation, is infallible. ——Then go on with your Mercury.——

—Have you lost many men on board the Northumberland? We have had the misfortune to lose several.—Of what disease? Dysentry and inflammation of the liver.—Have you examined them after death?—Invariably. —What was the appearance? Extensive suppurations of the liver in the one disease, and gangrene of the intestines in the other.—What is death, or how do you define death? A suspension of the vital functions, the organs of respiration, and the action of the heart.—When does the soul quit the body? That is a question I do not presume to answer with a precision which would satisfy you: for, in cases of suspended animation and in syncope, man is to all appearance, dead; yet, by artificial means, resuscitation is produced and life preserved.—When do you suppose that the soul enters the body?—I am not sufficiently skilled in metaphysics to give a satisfac-

tory reply. The faculty of thought appears to be the dawning of the soul; and to whatever perfection reason attains, then the soul is most perfect, at least then man becomes the most responsible for his actions.——Here the conversation ended to my great satisfaction, as it seemed to be taking a turn too profound for my philosophy: you will say, perhaps, that part of it was not calculated to whet the stomach of any one at dinner but a medical man.—I fancy, however, that, to your appetite, it will prove a savoury dish.

Napoleon now rose, and was followed by his party into a card-room, when Whist succeeded. He appears to be master of the game, but plays with a kind of carelessness, and good humour, as if he preferred losing his money. He stayed half an hour longer this evening than was usual with him, and during that time, he walked up and down the room, continuing his prevailing habit of asking questions. On his taking leave, Las Cases, in his good humoured way, said, " Well, this has been a day of questions: indeed, I fear it

must be a punishment for you to dine with us, it is so like undergoing an examination: but you may be assured, that your answers afford satisfaction, or you would not be troubled with so many questions."

In a few days after, the arrival of a ship from England induced me to take a ride to the valley; and, on my return in the evening, I was informed, that Napoleon desired to see me in General Gourgond's apartment as soon as I returned; and there I found him waiting for me. On my entrance, the first question related to the progress of the General's disorder: when he suddenly changed the subject.—"You have been at the Town; and is the ship just arrived from England—if so, I suppose she brings Letters and News-papers. —Certainly; and I have looked over a file of the *Courier*.—Is there no *Morning Chronicle?* —I have not yet seen it. The other papers which I just had a glimpse of, were *The Times*, and a provincial Paper.——What is the news from France? I did but slightly glance over the French news.——Be that as

it may, you remember, I suppose, something of what you read; so let me hear it.——I saw some articles respecting you; but the principal part of the French news which I had the opportunity of examining, related to the trial and sentence of Marshal Ney.

Napoleon now advanced a step nearer to me, but without the least change of countenance:—"What," said he, "Marshal Ney has been sentenced to be shot."——I replied, "It was even so: he addressed the ministers of the allied sovereigns, but in vain: he urged in his defence, the Twelfth Article of the Convention: he pleaded on his trial that he was deceived by you: that the proclamation of which he was accused, and made a part of the charges against him, was written by Major General Bertrand; and that he was deceived by your report of Austria and England."——Count Bertrand, who was in the room, quietly observed, that Marshal Ney had a right to save himself if he could; and if fabricated stories would answer his purpose, he could not be blamed for employing them.

But he added, " respecting the proclamation, it was an assertion equally false and ridiculous: Marshal Ney could write himself. and wanted not my assistance."—Napoleon made no comments on the account which had been given him.—One solitary expression, indeed, broke from him, and that was, " Marshal Ney was a brave man."

I mentioned a report, as stated in one of the London papers, that an apprehension was entertained of an insurrection in Paris, on the event of Marshal Ney's sentence being carried into execution.——" An insurrection," said Napoleon, with a kind of contemptuous calmness, " pugh ! get the troops under arms! —Has the Duke of Wellington left Paris ?— I really do not know.——Are the English and allied forces still in the vicinity of the capital ?——The English, I believe, are still in its neighbourhood ; but it appears, from the papers, that the Russians and Prussians have retired upon the Rhine. That disposition of them, he replied, is altogether the most proper.——But how is it, he continued, that

among the papers which are sent for my perusal, I so seldom see the *Morning Chronicle.* That was a question, which I did not pretend to answer. I thought proper, however, to inform him, with some little curiosity to see how he would receive the intelligence, trifling as it may appear, that, according to the papers, a Parisian had been sentenced to pay a fine for publishing a caricature in which he was represented. He permitted me to describe it, which I did in the language of the paragraph.——" On one side of the print appeared the figure of Louis XVIII. surrounded by his family, with the inscription, '*This is well;*' and on the other side, that of Napoleon attended by his family, with the motto, '*This is better.*"——" Pugh!" said he, " what nonsense! but such trash will be propagated, from some idle motive or other;" and with this observation he retired to his apartment.

General Gourgond's disorder assumed a very dangerous appearance; and the symptoms seemed to announce a fatal termination.

His spirits, indeed, were so sunk, that he refused to take the only medicine that promised the least chance of relief; and even though it continued to be administered by contrivance, and subterfuge, he must have become the prey of his melancholy apprehensions, if that voice, which he dare not disobey, had not urged a sharp, and as it proved, a saving remonstrance.—— "What ridiculous behaviour is this," said Napoleon to him; "and what are these silly fears of your own creation, and which you appear to be fond of indulging, by refusing the means of dissipating them.—How often have you faced Death in the field of battle, without the least sensation of fear; and now you are resolved to yield to his power, as if you were afraid to resist him.—What a childish obstinacy!—Play the fool no longer, I beg of you, but submit to the remedies with cheerfulness, which can alone promote your restoration to health." This reproach softened the patient's obstinacy, he became submissive to the regimen prescribed, and recovered. Some short time after, Napoleon said to me, "Well, you

Doctors have performed wonders with Gourgond: if, however, there had been a Priest on the Island, he would have discharged you both, and trusted alone to his treatment: but fortunately for him, such a thing as a Confessor was not to be found."

I am about to vary the scene, but I follow the track of the distinguished Exile, whenever I have the opportunity; and I now call you to attend him among the Arcadians of St. Helena. When he takes his exercise on horseback, he generally bends his way through a deep ravine, luxuriantly covered with vegetation and used for pasture. The road is narrow, the place lonely; and he, in a sentimental or poetical moment, had named it "*The Valley of Silence.*" On ascending this contracted pass, the eye is greeted, and on the first occasion, might probably be surprised, by the residence of a Farmer. Here the confined Tourist, on his first excursion, determined to snatch a probable amusement, by paying a visit. Fortunately for him, the family were taken by surprise; for the apprehension of such a guest

would have emptied the house of its inhabitants. Master Legg, the tenant of the mansion, a plain honest countryman, met him at the door, when the extraordinary visitor, on the invitation which he received, dismounted from his horse, and accompanied by the Count De las Cases, entered the house, familiarly took his seat, and, as usual, began his interrogatories.

Have you a wife? Yes, and please you, *Sir Emperor.*—Have you any children? Six. —How much land have you got? A hundred acres.—All capable of being cultivated? No, not one half.—What profit does it bring you? Not a great deal: but it is much improved since you, Mr. Emperor, came amongst us.—Aye, how do you make that out? Why, you must know, Sir Emperor, we do not grow corn in this here Island; and our green vegetables require a ready market. We have generally had to wait for the arrival of a fleet; and then, rat'em, they would sometimes all spoil: but now, Sir General, we have a prime sale for every article.—Where is your wife? Dang it, and please you, I believe

she is scared; for I see my children have all run out.—Send for them, and let me be introduced. Pray have you any good water? Yes, Sir; and wine too, such as is to be had from the Cape.

The good woman's alarm had by this time subsided; and she was persuaded by her husband to make her appearance, and entered with every mark of respect, and some astonishment. Napoleon, De las Cases, the Farmer and his wife, forming a *partie quarrée*, for your philosophic and profound contemplation, sat down to four glasses of Cape wine; and, when they were emptied, the visit concluded.

The good man and his family had been placed so much at their ease by the courteous demeanour of their unexpected guests, that the subsequent visits laid them under no restraint; and even the little children used frequently to express their wishes by inquiring of their mother, "When will Boney come and see us again?"—

But there is another Farmer, whose name is Robinson, who, like his neighbour Legg, occupies his acres of garden ground, which are divided into enclosures by fences of earth enlivened by the aloe and the prickly pear. Here, as in the former humble habitation, the honest simplicity of rural life appears in all its native colours: but there is a flower of no common beauty that adorns the spot; a very pretty girl of about seventeen, the daughter of the owners of it. She is what we should call in Scotland, "a very bonny Lassie."—Whether it was the primitive sincerity and innocent manners of these honest people, or the native charms of the rustic nymph, or the picture of contentment that they presented to their visitor, which attracted him, I shall not pretend to determine; but his visits became so frequent, that the relations of these good people in the town, recommended precaution respecting their daughter, who was then forbidden to make her appearance whenever the great man favoured the farm with his visits: this circumstance he soon observed, and accordingly ceased to continue them.

I shall not wait for any additional occurrences, which are uncertain, with a view to lengthen my Letter. If any further information occurs, it may form the subject of another Epistle. I therefore seize the present opportunity of assuring you, that

I am, &c. &c.

W. W.

ST. HELENA,

MY DEAR ——,

I began to think that my last Letter would have concluded the little History which I have compiled from the living documents around me, for the amusement and gratification of your anxious curiosity. If it has answered that purpose, I shall be satisfied; and I am happy to continue my disjointed narrative, with some unexpected notices that may be equally interesting, as far as the term can be applied to those which have preceded them.

It is near six weeks since I have visited Longwood, or have had any communication with the inhabitants of it. Chance, however, conducted me to a party where I met *De las Cases:* after some general conversation on the arrival of the new Governor, he informed me that his Master had made frequent enquiries after me; and had even expressed his surprize at my absence. "We have not seen you," he added, "since your resuscitation of General Gourgond; and I cannot but feel curious to know, whether your acting as a stranger, arises from any disinclination on your part, or a particular prohibition from the Admiral?"—I replied, "neither the one or the other: but, at the same time, I thought it became me to attend to the general orders, and I could not justify myself in requesting a passport to Longwood without having some ostensible reason."—"But I wish, very much," he answered, "to consult you about the health of my son."—"That reason is sufficient; I will immediately apply to the Admiral, who is now in the room, and have no doubt of his ready acquiescence." I was ac-

cordingly engaged to breakfast with Napoleon on the following morning at eleven o'clock. The violent rains, however, disappointed me; but I took the earliest opportunity of fulfilling my promise. The breakfast hour was passed when I reached Longwood, and its Master had been invited by the serenity of the day, to take an earlier walk in the garden than was his general custom. I presume that he had observed me as I approached the house, while he was screened from me by an intervening hedge. As I had exceeded the breakfast hour, after which he generally retires to the solitude of his apartment, I did not expect to see him; and to say the truth, unless there had been a prospect of obtaining some novelty, my dear friend, for your entertainment, I should rather have felt a relief in the idea that I was not to be exposed to one of his rapid examinations. —I soon, however, met the Count De las Cases, who, presuming that the great Man had retired for the day, proposed my accompanying him to his apartment, where, he said, after you have seen my son, we will take a

few peeps into our History, which I know will interest you, as the Work itself will interest the whole world, if we have perseverance to get through with it.

I do not recollect whether, in any of my former Letters I mentioned, from the authority of this gentleman, who is the Emanuensis of the Historian, that Buonaparte was seriously and laboriously engaged in writing the *Annals of his Life.* I had already been informed by the same person, that the Campaigns of Egypt and Italy, and what he styles *My Reign of an hundred Days*, or some such title, were completed*; and that the intermediate periods were in a progressive state. I therefore was looking forward to a very curious morning, and hugging myself on the approaching view of such manuscripts as were to be unfolded to me: but this expectation was disappointed by a message from Napoleon to attend him in his room. As I knew that my

* This Work includes the interval, or some portion of it, between the abdication of Fontainbleau and that of Paris.

visit would not be one of mere ceremony, I prevailed upon my companion to a company me, as his interpretations are always given with such aptitude and perspicuity, and besides, afford me time to arrange my answers. There was some little finesse employed in making this arrangement, as the forms of the Court at Longwood are most respectfully observed by the attendants on it.

On entering the room I observed the back of a sofa turned towards me; and on advancing I saw Napoleon laying at full length on it, with his left-arm hanging over the upper part. The glare of light was excluded by a Venetian blind, and before him there was a table covered with books. I could distinguish among them some fine bound volumes on the French Revolution. The heat of the day had occasioned him to dismantle himself of coat and waistcoat.—The moment his eye met mine, he started up, and exclaimed, in English, in a tone of good-humoured vivacity, "Ah, Warden how do you do?" I bowed in return; when he stretched out his hand, saying, "I have got

a fever." I immediately applied my hand to the wrist, and observing, both from the regularity of the pulsation and the jocular expression of his countenance, that he was exercising a little of his pleasantry, I expressed my wish that his health might always remain the same. He then gave me a gentle tap on the cheek, with the back of his hand; and desired me to go into the middle of the room as he had something to say to me. I now congratulated him on the preservation of his health, and complimented him at the same time, on the progress he appeared to have made in the English language. "I certainly enjoy," he said, "a very good state of health, which I attribute to a rigorous observance of regimen. My appetite is such that I feel as if I could eat at any time of the day: but I am regular in my meals; and always leave off eating with an appetite: besides, I never, as you know, drink strong wines.—With respect to the English language," he continued, "I have been very diligent: I now read your Newspapers with ease; and must own, that they afford me no inconsiderable amusement. They

are, occasionally, inconsistent, and sometimes abusive.—In one paper I am called a *Lear*, in another a *Tyrant*, in a third a *Monster*, and, in one of them, which I really did not expect, I am described as a *Coward;* but it turned out, after all, that the writer did not accuse me of avoiding danger in the field of battle, or flying from an enemy, or fearing to look at the menaces of fate and fortune; it did not charge me with wanting presence of mind in the hurry of battle, and in the suspense of conflicting armies.—No such thing; I wanted courage it seems, because I did not coolly take a dose of poison, or throw myself into the sea, or blow out my brains.—The Editor, most certainly misunderstands me; I have, at least, too much courage for that.—Your papers are influenced by party principles: what one praises the other will abuse; and so vice versâ. They who live in the metropolis where they are published, can judge of passing events and transactions for themselves; but persons living at a distance from the capital, and particularly foreigners, must be at a loss to determine upon the real state of

things, and the characters of public men, from the perusal of your Journals."

Napoleon appearing as it were, to be speaking out, and in a humour to deliver opinions, instead of confining himself to asking questions, I was determined to speak out too; and I had no doubt that I should lead him into an interesting conversation, or induce him to wish me a good day.

I accordingly replied, "I really think that you must possess more patience than my countrymen are disposed to allow you, if you really wade through all the columns that have been filled on your subject. You cannot, General, suppose for a moment, that the extraordinary events which have taken place, and of which you have formed such a prominent part, would not be considered and observed upon with great freedom by a thinking people like the English, and who have the privilege, and may they ever possess it, of speaking and writing what they think." I was proceeding in full swing and in a very patriotic way, when he thus interrupted me. "This calling of

names, and these scolding epithets, only serve to amuse me; but there are observations in your papers, which produce far different sensations. You have:" he continued, "a writer whom I greatly admire; I believe he is of your country, a Scotchman—Macpherson, the author of Ossian. There is also a person of the name of Belsham: on what subjects has he written?—I replied, "that I believed he had written an account of the reign of our excellent Sovereign."—"Yes," he said, "your Laws permit you to write of kings, of ministers, of measures, and of one another."——"Yes," I replied, "such is the privilege of Englishmen; and, possessing the infirmities of human nature, they may sometimes abuse it. Misconception, party spirit, and perhaps factious minds, may, at times, tend to propagate and support erroneous, and even violent opinions; but the love of justice and of truth, forms the genuine character of an Englishman."—— "Nevertheless," he observed, "you appear to handle my character rather roughly: and more so, since I have been in your power." "To that opinion, General," I answered

rather quickly, " I must beg leave to address a direct negative.—You have not always had the leisure to examine English publications which you enjoy at present, but I do assure you, that from the time of your becoming First Consul of France, to the moment when you set your foot on the deck of the Bellerophon, the English press has never ceased to fulminate its displeasure against you; and this without exception, for the parties who differed in every thing besides, expressed but one and the same opinion of you. This, I presume, you must have known at the time, though the vast projects that have occupied your mind, may have prevented your memory from retaining a detail of our literary offences: your official papers, however, marked their perfect acquaintance with the hostility of our journals, and returned their paragraphic missiles in every direction. You were rather angry with Old England, when you ordered the Moniteur to call us a 'Nation of Shopkeepers:'—A great commercial nation we certainly are, and may we ever remain so: for it is that commerce which has proved a

fountain of resources, whose failure would have prevented even the native and irresistible bravery of Englishmen from making the late immortal additions to our national glory. But we are also a most noble-minded, magnanimous and generous people; and were never known to insult a conquered enemy; nay, how often has it happened that both our sailors and our soldiers have risqued their lives to save a fallen foe. Even when you had thrown away one of the brightest diadems in Europe, and had accepted a slender Sceptre in Elba, you were instantly treated with comparative mildness by the more prevailing public opinions in England. And now, that you are, as you chuse to term it, in our power, a general feeling of a generous nature is known to be excited: Yes, Sir, there are numbers who would have rejoiced to hear that you had bit the ground on the field of battle, who are now disposed to wish you every comfort that can be safely allowed in your present situation.—If the Northumberland had overtaken you in a French man-of-war, endeavouring to make your meditated escape to America; every officer,

and every sailor and soldier would have been bravely engaged in the attempt to take, burn, sink, or destroy the ship that bore you ; yet, as you have readily acknowledged, you were treated by them, during the whole of the voyage, with every gentle, manly, and polite attention. And, if I may venture to speak of myself, I shall beg leave to add, that I was bred up in the hatred of you: nay, that no proofs of Holy Writ were more strongly imprinted in my mind, than the truth of the then universally prevailing opinions concerning you; nevertheless, I am ready to shew you every personal courtesy, to be thankful for the civilities I have received from you, and to offer you such service as I am permitted by the benevolence of the Government which I serve, and may be consistent with those regulations which its political wisdom has thought necessary to provide, for the safeguard and ultimate security of your person."

I was resolved to speak my sentiments with freedom, and you may now think my good friend, that I did not balk my resolution. I

could not, indeed, forbear to defend the generous temper of Englishmen, when it received such an attack. My candid sentiments and unreserved language appeared, however, to meet my auditor's approbation, and he asked me, to my great surprise, if I remembered the history of Captain Wright.——I answered, "Perfectly well; and it is a prevailing opinion in England, that you ordered him to be murdered in the Temple."—With the utmost rapidity of speech, he replied, "For what object? Of all men he was the person whom I should have most desired to live. Whence could I have procured so valuable an evidence as he would have proved on the trial of the conspirators in and about Paris. The Heads of it he himself had landed on the French coast." My curiosity was at this moment such as to be betrayed in my looks.—"Listen," continued Napoleon, "and you shall hear. The English brig of war, commanded by Captain Wright, was employed by your government in landing traitors and spies on the West coast of France. Seventy of the number had actually reached Paris; and, so mysterious

were their proceedings, so veiled in impenetrable concealment, that although General Ryal, of the Police, gave me this information, the name or place of their resort could not be discovered. I received daily assurances that my life would be attempted, and though I did not give entire credit to them, I took every precaution for my preservation. The Brig was afterwards taken near L'Orient, with Captain Wright, its commander, who was carried before the Prefect of the Department of Morbeau, at Vannes: General Julian, then Prefect, had accompanied me in the expedition to Egypt, and recognised Captain Wright on the first view of him. Intelligence of this circumstance was instantly transmitted to Paris; and instructions were expeditiously returned to interrogate the crew, separately, and transfer their testimonies to the Minister of Police. The purport of their examination was at first very unsatisfactory; but, at length, on the examination of one of the crew, some light was thrown on the subject. He stated that the Brig had landed several Frenchmen, and among them he parti-

cularly remembered one, a very merry fellow, who was called *Pichegru*. Thus a clue was found that led to the discovery of a plot, which, had it succeeded, would have thrown the French nation, a second time, into a state of revolution.—Captain Wright was accordingly conveyed to Paris, and confined in the Temple; there to remain till it was found convenient to bring the formidable accessaries of this treasonable design to trial. The law of France would have subjected Wright to the punishment of death: but he was of minor consideration. My grand object was to secure the principals, and I considered the English Captain's evidence of the utmost consequence towards completing my object."—He again and again, most solemnly asserted, that Captain Wright died in the Temple, by his own hand, as described in the *Moniteur*, and at a much earlier period than has been generally believed. —At the same time, he stated, that his assertion was founded on documents which he had since examined. The cause of this enquiry arose from the visit, I think, he said, of Lord Ebrington to Elba, and he added, "That

nobleman appeared to be perfectly satisfied with the account which was given him of this mysterious business.

I was so far encouraged by the easy, communicative manner of the Ex-emperor, that I continued my observations without reserve: I, therefore, did not hesitate to express my doubts respecting the time that Capt. Wright remained in the Temple previous to his death. To satisfy me in this particular, Napoleon turned over a long succession of pages in a late publication of Mr. Goldsmith's, which had been brought him by Sir Hudson Lowe. I do not recollect the title, which is probably familiar to you, who have suffered nothing that relates to the government of France to have escaped you, but I could perceive, that it consisted of Extracts from the Moniteur, *&c.* during the Imperial reign.—As he referred to the index he frequently pointed out the name of *Wright*, spelled *Right*, and with a confident expectation, as it certainly appeared to me, of finding some document that would confirm his account. The Author, however,

either had not been able to discover any written testimony, to mark the precise time of Captain Wright's death, or had intentionally withheld it; and the latter Buonaparte repeatedly and firmly insisted must have been the cause of any doubt remaining as to the truth of his assertion.

As he turned over the leaves of this volume, he acknowledged that many of the reports were genuine, but with frequent inaccuracies and mistatements; and if my memory is correct, he particularised that which was given of the battle of *Marengo*. But he did not stop here; and continually desired to know whether I perfectly comprehended his meaning, as that was his most earnest wish. And now, to my utter astonishment, he entered upon the event of the *Duke D'Enghien's death*. This was a topic that could not be expected; and particularly by me, as there appeared even among his followers, who were always on tip-toe to be his apologists, an evasive silence or contradictory statements, whenever this afflicting event became the subject

of enquiry, which had occasionally happened, during the course of our voyage. Here Napoleon became very animated, and often raised himself on the sofa where he had hitherto remained in a reclining posture. The interest attached to the subject, and the energy of his delivery, combined to impress the tenor of his narrative so strongly on my mind, that you need not doubt the accuracy of this repetition of it.——He began as follows :—

" At this eventful period of my life, I had " succeeded in restoring order and tranquillity " to a kingdom torn asunder by faction, and " deluged in blood. That nation had placed me " at their head. I came not as your Cromwell " did, or your Third Richard. No such thing. " —I found a crown in the kennel ; I cleansed " it from its filth, and placed it on my head. " My safety now became necessary, to pre- " serve that tranquillity so recently restored ; " and, hitherto, so satisfactorily preserved, as " the leading characters of the nation well " know. At the same time, reports were every " night brought me" (I think, he said, by General Ryal,) " that conspiracies were in

" agitation; that meetings were held in par-
" ticular houses in Paris, and names even
" were mentioned; at the same time, no sa-
" tisfactory proofs could be obtained, and the
" utmost vigilance and ceaseless pursuit of
" the Police was evaded. General Moreau,
" indeed, became suspected, and I was seri-
" ously importuned to issue an order for his
" arrest; but his character was such, his name
" stood so high, and the estimation of him so
" great in the public mind, that, as it ap-
" peared to me, he had nothing to gain, and
" every thing to lose, by becoming a conspi-
" rator against me: I, therefore, could not but
" exonerate him from such a suspicion.—I
" accordingly refused an order for the pro-
" posed arrest, by the following intimation to
" the Minister of Police. 'You have named
" Pichegru, Georges, and Moreau: convince
" me that the former is in Paris, and I will
" immediately cause the latter to be arrested.'
" —Another and a very singular circumstance
" led to the developement of the plot. One
" night, as I lay agitated and wakeful, I rose
" from my bed, and examined the list of sus-

" pected traitors; and Chance, which rules
" the world, occasioned my stumbling, as it
" were, on the name of a surgeon, who had
" lately returned from an English prison. This
" man's age, education, and experience in
" life, induced me to believe, that his conduct
" must be attributed to any other motive than
" that of youthful fanaticism in favour of a
" Bourbon: as far as circumstances qualified
" me to judge, money appeared to be his
" object.—I accordingly gave orders for this
" man to be arrested; when a summary mock
" trial was instituted, by which he was found
" guilty, sentenced to die, and informed he had
" but six hours to live. This stratagem had
" the desired effect: he was terrified into con-
" fession. It was now known that Pichegru
" had a brother, a monastic Priest, then re-
" siding in Paris. I ordered a party of Gens
" d'Armes to visit this man, and if he had
" quitted his house, I conceived there would
" be good ground for suspicion. The old
" Monk was secured, and, in the act of his
" arrest, his fears betrayed what I most wanted
" to know.—'Is it,' he exclaimed, 'because

" I afforded shelter to a brother that I am
" thus treated.'——The object of the plot was
" to destroy me ; and the success of it would,
" of course, have been my destruction. It
" emanated from the capital of your country,
" with the Count d'Artois at the head of it. To
" the West he sent the Duke de Berri, and to
" the East the Duke D'Enghein. To France
" your vessels conveyed underlings of the
" plot, and Moreau became a convert to the
" cause. The moment was big with evil : I
" felt myself on a tottering eminence, and, I
" resolved to hurl the thunder back upon the
" Bourbons even in the metropolis of the
" British empire. My Minister vehemently
" urged the seizure of the Duke though in a
" neutral territory. But I still hesitated, and
" Prince Benevento brought the order twice,
" and urged the measure with all his powers
" of persuasion : It was not, however, till I was
" fully convinced of its necessity, that I sanc-
" tioned it by my signature. The matter could
" be easily arranged between me and the Duke
" of Baden. Why, indeed, should I suffer a
" man residing on the very confines of my

" kingdom, to commit a crime which, within
" the distance of a mile, by the ordinary
" course of law, Justice herself would con-
" demn to the scaffold. And now answer
" me;—Did I do more than adopt the prin-
" ciple of your government, when it ordered
" the capture of the Danish fleet, which was
" thought to threaten mischief to your coun-
" try? It had been urged to me again and
" again, as a sound political opinion, that the
" new dynasty could not be secure, while the
" Bourbons remained. Talleyrand never de-
" viated from this principle: it was a fixed,
" unchangeable article in his political creed.
" —But I did not become a ready or a wil-
" ling convert. I examined the opinion with
" care and with caution: and the result was
" a perfect conviction of its necessity.—The
" Duke D'Enghein was accessary to the Con-
" federacy; and although the resident of a
" neutral territory, the urgency of the case, in
" which my safety and the public tranquillity,
" to use no stronger expression, were involved,
" justified the proceeding. I accordingly or-
" dered him to be seized and tried: He was

" found guilty, and sentenced to be shot.—
" The sentence was immediately executed;
" and the same fate would have followed had
" it been *Louis the Eighteenth.* For I again
" declare that I found it necessary to roll the
" thunder back on the metropolis of England,
" as from thence, with the *Count d'Artois* at
" at their head, did the assasins assail me.

" Your country also accuses me of the
" death of *Pichegru.*"——I replied, " It is
" most certainly and universally believed
" throughout the whole British empire, that
" he was strangled in prison by your orders."
He rapidly answered, " What idle, disen-
" genuous folly! a fine proof, how prejudice
" can destroy the boasted reasoning faculties
" of Englishmen! Why, I ask you, should
" that life be taken away in secret which the
" laws consigned to the hands of a public
" executioner. The matter would have been
" different with respect to *Moreau.* Had he
" died in a dungeon, there might have been
" grounds to justify the suspicion that he had
" not been guilty of suicide. He was a very

" popular character, as well as much be-
" loved by the army; and I should never
" have lost the odium, however guiltless I
" might have been, if the justice of his death,
" supposing his life to have been forfeited
" by the laws, had not been made apparent
" by the most public execution."

Here he paused; and I replied.—" There
" may, perhaps, be persons in England, who
" are disposed to acknowledge the necessity of
" rigorous measures at this important period
" of your history; but none, I believe, are to be
" found who would attempt to justify the pre-
" cipitate manner in which the young Prince
" was seized, tried, sentenced, and shot."—
He instantly answered, " I was justified in
" my own mind; and I repeat the declaration
" which I have already made, that I would
" have ordered the execution of Louis the
" Eighteenth. At the same time, I solemnly
" affirm, that no message or letter from the
" Duke reached me after sentence of death
" had been passed upon him."

Talleyrand, however, was said to be in

possession of a Letter from the Royal Prisoner, addressed to Napoleon, which they who are well-qualified to know, declared he took upon himself not to deliver, till it was too late to be of any service to the writer. I saw a copy of this Letter in possession of Count de las Cases, which he calmly represented to me as one of the mass of documents, formed or collected to authenticate and justify certain mysterious parts of the history which he was occasionally employed in writing, under the dictation of the hero of it. Do not startle—the Letter was to beg his Life; and to this effect.—It stated his opinion that the Bourbon dynasty was terminated. That was the settled opinion of his mind, and he was about to prove the sincerity of it. He now considered France no otherwise than as his country, which he loved with the most patriotic ardor, but merely as a private citizen. The crown was no longer in his view: it was now beyond the possibility of recovery: it would not, it could not be restored. He therefore requested to be allowed to live and devote his life and services to France, merely as a native of it. He was ready

to take any command or any rank in the French army, to become a brave and loyal Soldier, subject to the will and orders of the Government, in whose hands soever it might be, to which he was ready to swear fealty; and that, if his life were spared, he would devote it with the utmost courage and fidelity to support France against all its enemies. Such was the Letter which, as it was represented to me, Talleyrend took care not to deliver till the hand that wrote it was unnerved by death.

—Napoleon continued to speak of the *Bourbon* Family—" Had I," he said, " been " anxious to get any, or all the *Bourbons* into " my possession, I could have accomplished " the object. Your Smugglers offered me a " Bourbon for a stated sum (I think he named 40,000 francs) but, on coming to a more precise " explanation, they entertained a doubt of fulfilling the engagement as it was originally " proposed. They would not undertake to " possess themselves of any of the *Bourbon* " family absolutely alive: though, with the " alternative, *alive* or *dead*, they had no doubt

" of completing it.—But it was not my wish
" merely to deprive them of life. Besides,
" circumstances had taken a turn which then
" fixed me without fear of change or chance
" on the throne I possessed.—I felt my se-
" curity, and left the *Bourbons* undisturbed.—
" Wanton, useless murder, whatever has been
" said and thought of me in England, has
" never been my practice: to what end or
" purpose could I have indulged the horrible
" propensity.—When Sir George Rumbold
" and Mr. Drake, who had been carrying on
" a correspondence with conspirators in Paris,
" were seized, they were not murdered.*"

Here he ceased to speak; and as I was determined to gratify my curiosity as far as his present communicative spirit would allow, I was determined to continue the conversation. —I accordingly observed, " that of all the undertakings which composed his wonderful

* In looking over these Letters, for the press, I felt a doubt whether this observation respecting Sir George Rumbold was made at this time, or at some other; or whether it proceeded from Buonaparte, or Count de las Cases: but I am positive that it was made by one or the other.

career, no circumstance had excited such astonishment in England, as his expedition to Russia, before he had brought the Peninsular war to a termination, which, at that time, appeared to be an attainable object." I paused, expecting a reply on the subject:—however, he gave none; but, as if he had not heard my observation, proceeded to a renewal, in some degree, of the former topics.

"Your country," he said, "has accused "me of having murdered the sick and wound- "ed of my army at Jaffa. Be assured that "if I had committed such a horrid act, my "very soldiers themselves would have exe- "crated me; and I might have looked to "their ceasing to obey me. There is no oc- "currence of life to which I gave more pub- "licity than this. You have an officer, a Sir "Robert Wilson, who has written very co- "piously on the subject of my campaign in "Egypt." As he repeated the last sentence, he assumed an air and tone of sarcastic jocularity; and then asked me, if I had read Sir Robert's publication. I replied in the affir-

mative:—"It is possible," he said, "that he wrote from the testimony of other people equally prone to error as himself: he cannot pretend to have done it from his own observation.—Can you tell me," continued Napoleon, "whether Sir Sydney Smith, in any official communications to your government, attempted, in any way, to corroborate the testimony of Sir Robert Wilson." I could not, at the moment, sufficiently recollect the purport of his dispatches, to determine the point, but I replied, as I felt, "That he had not." This reply however, indecisive as it was, appeared to afford him considerable satisfaction, as he instantly repeated——"I believe so: for Sir Sydney Smith is a brave and just man."—I here observed that "There are many in England who imagine your jealousy and hatred of Sir Sydney Smith influenced your conduct towards Captain Wright."—He smiled with astonishment at such an idea——the thought of coupling the two names appeared never to have entered his imagination. "Ridiculous! nonsense!" was his reply. He then entered on the following narrative.

" On raising the siege of St. Jean de Acre, the army retired upon Jaffa. It had become a matter of urgent necessity. The occupation of this town for any length of time was totally impracticable, from the force that Jezza Pacha was enabled to bring forward. The sick and wounded were numerous; and their removal was my first consideration. Carriages, the most convenient that could be formed, were appropriated to the purpose. Some of them were sent by water to Damietta, and the rest were accommodated, in the best possible manner, to accompany their comrades in their march through the Desart. *Seven* men, however, occupied a quarantine hospital, who were infected with the plague; whose report was made me by the chief of the medical staff; (I think it was Degenette). He further added, that the disease had gained such a stage of malignancy, there was not the least probability of their continuing alive beyond forty-eight hours."—I here exclaimed in a dubious tone, the word—*seven?* and immediately asked whether I was to understand that there were no more than seven—" I

perceive," he replied, " that you have heard a different account."—" Most assuredly, General: Sir Robert Wilson states fifty-seven or seventy-seven; and speaking more collectively—your whole sick and wounded." He then proceeded——" The Turks were nu-
" merous and powerful, and their cruelty
" proverbial throughout the army. Their
" practice of mutilating and barbarously treat-
" ing their Christian prisoners, in particular,
" was well known among my troops, and had
" a preservative influence on my mind and
" conduct; and I do affirm, that there were
" only seven men whom circumstances com-
" pelled me to leave as short-lived sufferers
" at Jaffa. They were in that stage of the
" disease which rendered their removal ut-
" terly impracticable, exclusive of the disse-
" mination of the disease among the healthy
" troops. Situated as I was, I could not place
" them under the protection of the English;
" I, therefore, desired to see the senior medical
" officer, and observing to him, that the af-
" flictions of their disease would be cruelly
" aggravated by the conduct of the Turks to-
" wards them; and that it was impossible to

" continue in possession of the Town, I de-
" sired him to give me his best advice on the
" occasion. I said, tell me what is to be done!
" He hesitated for some time, and then re-
" peated, that these men, who were the ob-
" jects of my very painful solicitude, could
" not survive forty-eight hours.—I accord-
" ingly suggested, (what appeared to be his
" opinion, though he might not chuse to
" declare it, but wait with the trembling hope
" to receive it from me;) the propriety, be-
" cause I felt it would be humanity, to shorten
" the sufferings of these *seven men* by admi-
" nistering *Opium*. Such a relief, I added,
" in a similar occasion, I should anxiously
" solicit for myself.—But, rather contrary to
" my expectation, the proposition was op-
" posed, and consequently abandoned. I
" therefore halted the army one day longer
" than I intended; and, on my quitting Jaffa,
" left a strong rear-guard, who continued in
" that city till the third day. At the expiration
" of that period, an officer's report reached
" me, that the men were dead."——" Then
General," I could not resist exclaiming, "no
Opium was given," The emphatic answer I

received was—" No: none!—A report was " brought me that the men died before the " rear-guard had evacuated the city."

I again interrupted him by mentioning that Sir Sydney Smith, when he afterwards entered Jaffa, found one or two Frenchmen alive.—" Well," he answered, "that, after all, may be possible!"—It was, I think, at this period of the conversation, that he stated his being in possession of a Letter from Sir Sydney Smith, written in very complimentary language, which expressed the writer's astonishment, as well as praise, on the accommodations which were contrived and executed to transport the French sick and wounded from Acre to Jaffa, and thence across the Desart.

I here took occasion to observe, "that a late English traveller, a distinguished scholar and learned professor of the University of Cambridge, had excited a very general doubt respecting the accuracy of this particular part of Sir Robert Wilson's narrative. Dr. Clark, the person to whom I alluded, had" I said, " travelled through Turkey, and as I believed, by the route of Aleppo and Damascus to Je-

rusalem, and from thence to Jaffa, where he remained some time. This gentleman, whose character stands high in the world, may be said to contradict the testimony of his countryman Sir Robert, respecting the charge which the former may be said to have brought forward against you. Though he merely states that he never heard of the cruel transaction; but very naturally observes, that if such an extraordinary event had occurred as the murder of such a number of Frenchmen by their own General, some traces or recollection of so horrid an event, and of such recent occurrence, must have transpired and been communicated to him during his residence there." A question instantaneously followed.—"Has this traveller said any thing of El Arish!"—My memory did not serve me sufficiently to give an answer. "Well," he continued, "you shall also hear the particulars of El Arish and the garrison of Jaffa. You have read without doubt, of my having ordered the Turks to be shot at Jaffa." "Yes, indeed," I replied, "I have often heard of that massacre in England: it was a general topic at the time, and treated as a British mind never fails to consider subjects of that description."—

He then proceeded.——" At the period in " question, General Desaix was left in Upper " Egypt; and Kleber in the vicinity of Da- " mietta. I left Cairo and traversed the Ara- " bian Desart, in order to unite my force with " that of the latter at El Arish. The town " was attacked, and a capitulation succeeded. " Many of the prisoners were found, on exa- " mination, to be natives of the Mountains, " and inhabitants of Mount-Tabor, but chiefly " from Nazareth. They were immediately re- " leased, on their engaging to return quietly " to their homes, children, and wives: at the " same time, they were recommended to ac- " quaint their countrymen, the Napolese, that " the French were no longer their enemies, " unless they were found in arms assisting the " Pacha. When this ceremony was concluded, " the army proceeded on its march towards " Jaffa. Gaza surrendered on the route.— " That city, on the first view of it, bore a for- " midable appearance, and the garrison was " considerable. It was summoned to sur- " render: when the officer, who bore my flag " of truce, no sooner passed the city wall,

" than his head was inhumanly struck off,
" instantly fixed upon a pole, and insultingly
" exposed to the view of the French army.
" At the sight of this horrid and unexpected
" object, the indignation of the soldiers knew
" no bounds: they were perfectly infuriated;
" and, with the most eager impatience, de-
" manded to be led on to the storm. I did
" not hesitate, under such circumstances, to
" command it. The attack was dreadful;
" and the carnage exceeded any action I had
" then witnessed. We carried the place, and
" it required all my efforts and influence to
" restrain the fury of the enraged soldiers. At
" length, I succeeded, and night closed the
" sanguinary scene. At the dawn of the fol-
" lowing morning; a report was brought me,
" that five hundred men, chiefly Napolese,
" who had lately formed a part of the garrison
" of El Arish, and to whom I had a few
" days before given liberty, on condition that
" they should return to their homes, were
" actually found and recognised amongst the
" prisoners. On this fact being indubitably
" ascertained, I ordered the five hundred men

" to be drawn out and instantly shot."—— In the course of our conversation, his anxiety appeared to be extreme, that I should be satisfied of the truth of every part of his narrative, and he continually interrupted it, by asking me if I perfectly comprehended him. He was, however, Patience itself, when I made any observations expressive of doubts I had previously entertained respecting any part of the subjects agitated between us, or any unfavourable opinion entertained or propagated in England. Whenever I appeared embarrassed for an answer, he gave me time to reflect: and I could not but lament that I had not made myself better acquainted with the events of the period under consideration, as it might have drawn him into a more enlarged history of them.

He now returned to the subject of Sir Robert Wilson, and asked me if I knew any thing of his military character, and the tendency of his writings; and if the latter had added to his fortune.—I replied, that I could not speak upon either, from my own know-

ledge; but I was induced to suppose from the services in which he had been engaged, he must have stood high in the opinion of those who employed him; and I had also understood that his works were considered as having been very honourable to him both as a writer and a soldier.—" Pray can you tell me," he continued, " from what motive this officer has acted in the escape of La Valette, the decided and avowed friend of the man whom he has so wantonly calumniated?—I was here, as it may be supposed, rather embarrassed for an immediate reply, but he gave me full time to collect myself; and I answered, " That I had no doubt they were such as did honour to his heart; whatever imputation may have been passed upon his judgment and his discretion. Somewhat of an adventurous and romantic spirit might have governed him: but it never was imagined by any one, that he was influenced by sordid or pecuniary motives: that idea never seems to have occurred, when the transaction was the subject of universal consideration and enquiry. There was not, I thought, a per-

son in England who received him or his companions, with a diminution of their regard for the part they had taken in this mysterious business." In an instant he observed, "I "believe every word you have said, at the "same time you may be assured, that money "would not have been wanting to save La "Valette.—I desire you also to give your "particular attention to my opinion, which "is a decided one. That this act of Sir "Robert Wilson, for the preservation of La "Valette, is the commencement of his recant-"ation of what he has written against me*."— It is a coincidence, perhaps, not worth mentioning, but is a singular circumstance, that we had a son of Sir Robert Wilson, at this time a midshipman on board the Northumberland.

* La Valette, I believe, was a great favourite of his late Emperor; and I well know, that every one of the suite expressed the greatest joy at his escape. I remember hearing General Bertrand say, that during the whole time La Valette was in the Post-Office, not a single instance of unnecessary rigour was known to have taken place; nor was the peace of a private family ever disturbed in the slightest degree.

My curiosity now grew bold, and I was determined to try whether I could induce Napoleon to satisfy me as to the particulars of a conversation between him and Mr. Fox, relative to the infernal machine, which I had heard related by the honourable Mr. Bennet, who took passage with Lord W. Stuart, in the Lavinia, from Lisbon to England, in the year 1807.

I prefaced my enquiry by observing, that an account had been published, and was very generally believed in England, stating a conversation between him and Mr. Charles Fox, at St. Cloud: that to myself it was very interesting; and as I heard it related by a gentleman of rank, talent and high character, I had entertained no doubt of the general fact as he stated it. Napoleon, in a most good-humoured way, said, "Repeat it—I shall remember." ——I then proceeded.

"The account, General, is as follows.—As you were one evening going to the Theatre, you encountered great danger of your life

by the explosion of a machine, to which the title of *infernal* was afterwards applied. This engine of destruction was said to have been placed in a narrow street through which you were to pass. The rashness of your coachman, it is said, saved your life: for finding a vehicle placed in such a manner as would have presented an insurmountable difficulty to a less timid driver, he gave speed to his horses, and the wheel of your carriage coming in contact with the machine, overset it with great violence, and immediately after you had passed, the explosion took place." "That," he replied, "is true: your information is correct." "And it is also said, that you went to the Theatre, and enjoyed the play as if nothing had happened." He now nodded, or rather made a slight obeisance. "And it is also asserted, that in a conversation you had with Mr. Fox, at St. Cloud, on the subject, you accused the English of having invented the machine for your destruction."—"That is the fact," he said, "I certainly did." "And that you particularly alluded to Mr. Windham." "Yes, *Mr. Vandam.*"—"It is also said,

General, that Mr. Fox contended it was not of English invention, for that the crime of assassination was repugnant to the national character. He also particularly defended Mr. Windham, who, he said, though they had differed in politics, he knew to be an honourable man, and incapable as a British Minister, of sanctioning such a dishonorable transaction." Napoleon remembered the conversation, and acknowledged that he accused Mr. Windham. I now ventured to ask him if he continued of the same opinion. "Yes," he said, "the English Ministry were instrumental to the plot. Their money has gone for that and other extraordinary purposes." My English blood was a little up on the occasion; and my reply, depend upon it, was to the following effect.—"My nation detests an assassin more than it does a coward: indeed he is the worst of cowards; and I do not believe, that there is a British heart which does not revolt at the thought, and subscribe with an honest and glowing sincerity, to the opinion of Mr. Fox." —He gave me no answer, but I could perceive that he was not convinced: and he still

retains his original belief in the contrivance of the Infernal Machine.

I now discontinued the subject, and approached the chimney-piece to examine a small bust in marble, which appeared to me to be exquisitely sculptured. When he saw my attention to it, he exclaimed, "that is my son." Indeed the resemblance to the father is so very striking, that it is discernible at the first glance. On one side is a miniature also of young Napoleon, and a highly-finished portrait of his mother, Maria Louisa, on the other.

He now complained of a pain in the great-toe of his right foot; described the sensation he felt, and asked if it betokened the gout.—I requested to know if he could trace the disease of gout to any hereditary transmission: "No," he replied, neither of his parents ever had the gout; but, recollecting himself, he added, "that his uncle, Cardinal Fesch, had been very much afflicted by it."

I remarked, that even when the disease

was known to be hereditary in families, attention in early years, to exercise and diet, often retarded its approach, and, when it came at length, would render the disease more mild.

I observed to him, that, considering the active life he led, it did not appear that he took sufficient exercise to preserve himself in a right state of health. He replied, " my " rides, indeed, are too confined; but the " being accompanied by an officer is so very " disagreeable to me, that I must be content " to suffer the consequences of abridging " them. However, I feel no inconvenience " from the want of exercise. Man can ac- " custom himself to privations.—At one " period of my life I was many hours on " horseback every day, for six years; and I " was once eighteen months without passing " from the house."

He now returned to the grievance of being watched by an officer. " You are acquainted," he said, " with the Island of St. Helena, and " must be sensible that a sentinel, placed on

"either of these hills, can command the sight
"of me from the moment I quit this house, till
"I return to it. If an officer or soldier placed
"on that height will not satisfy your Governor,
"why not place ten, twenty, a troop of dra-
"goons. Let them never lose sight of me,
"only keep an officer from my side."

Believe me, my good Friend, I do not grudge the pains this Letter has cost me, that I might be clear in my recollections and accurate in my report.—I know the pleasure it will afford you, and that reflection repays me. Future circumstances can alone determine, whether you will receive another St. Helena Letter from

&c. &c. &c.

W. W.

ST. HELENA.

MY DEAR— —

THE arrival of a Fleet at the Island from India, and which will afford the means

of conveying my last Letter, has already enabled me to begin another. This circumstance crowded the little Town with passengers, who were all, as usual, eager to see Buonaparte. The Countess of Loudon disembarked from this Fleet; and, during her stay at St. Helena, was accommodated at Plantation-House, the residence of the Governor. In compliment to this Lady, a dinner of ceremony was given on the following day, by Sir Hudson Lowe; and an invitation was dispatched through General Bertrand to General Buonaparte, so arranged in point of politeness and etiquette, as to justify an expectation that it would be accepted. This, however, happened to be the first invitation which he had received; and some remarks passed, that it had rather the appearance of a wish to gratify the Countess, than an act of particular civility to the person to whom it was addressed. I know that it was received in this light at Longwood. Count Bertrand delivered the Governor's card, which was read and returned without a word of observation. "Sire," said Marshal Ber-

trand, "What answer is it your Majesty's pleasure that I should return?" "Say, the Emperor gave no answer."

I passed a considerable part of the afternoon of that day in Napoleon's apartment: and, as usual, was employed in answering, to the best of my information, such as it is, the various questions which he thought proper to ask me. His enquiries were particularly directed to the nature, circumstances, and state of the fleet which had just arrived: Our trade to India, and the numerous English which appeared to be constantly passing to and fro, between India and Europe. In the course of this conversation I happened to mention the hope entertained by the strangers in the town of being gratified by the sight of him as he passed to the Plantation-House, to dine with the Governor. This little piece of information proved to be fort mal à propos, as it produced the only symptom of petulance I had witnessed in my various communications with the Ex-emperor; and it was displayed in tone, look, and gesture, in his very brief but hasty

reply.—"What, go to dinner, perhaps, with a file of soldiers to guard me!"——In a few minutes, however, he resumed his usual cool manner, and continued the subject.—"After all," he said, "they could not, I think, expect me to accept the invitation. The distance is considerable, and the hour unseasonable; and I have almost relinquished the idea of exceeding my chain, accompanied as I must be by an officer."

The Countess of Loudon left the Island without seeing the Ex-emperor, and is said to have acknowledged her disappointment on the occasion; and if I may venture an opinion, but remember it is altogether my own, I think the regret is mutual.

He asked me some days after, if I had seen the Countess. I answered in the affirmative; and added, that she had honoured the Northumberland with a visit, and, as it was usual with all visitors to the ship, she was shewn the cabin which he had occupied during the passage. I thought also, it would amuse him to

be informed that curious strangers generally chose to indulge their fancy by sitting down in his chair. "And did the Countess," he said, "do the chair that honour?" Unfortunately I could not speak with certainty on that item of his enquiry; not having been in the cabin at the time. He seemed, however, to enjoy the whim of sitting in his chair; and continued his questions. "Would it, do you "suppose, have appeared indecorous to the "people of England, if the Countess of Lou- "don, had visited Longwood! Could it have "been thought incorrect in any degree, if the "Lady, in company with Madame Bertrand, "had paid me a visit in this garden? Many "Ladies, on their return to England, have "been introduced to me in that manner. Had "the Countess of Loudon expressed herself "fatigued by the voyage, or had been indis- "posed from any other cause, I should have "been pleased to wait on her."—I could only say, in return, "that I was a countryman of "her Ladyship, and if, by any chance, I "should have the honour of possessing the "opportunity, I would certainly intrude my-

" self so far upon her attention, as to in-
" form her of your polite disposition to-
" wards her."——

He now dashed at once on a subject so totally different from any thing you can expect, that I would give your sagacity its full play for the rest of your life, nor fear your stumbling upon it. It was, as usual, in the form of a question, and your impatience will, in a moment, be satisfied.

" Have you," he exclaimed, " any know-
" ledge of Physiognomy ?"—" Not from
" study."—" Have you read Lavater ?"—" I
" have read some extracts from his works, and
" that is all I know of them."—" Can you
" judge whether a man possesses talents from
" observing the features of his face ?"—" All I
" can say, General, is this : that I know when
" a face is pleasing or displeasing to me."—
" Ah," he replied in an instant, " there it is—
" you have found it out.—Have you observed
" Sir Hudson Lowe's face ?"—" Yes, I have."
—" And what does it promise ;"—" If I am

" to speak the truth, I like Lady Lowe's much " better."—He now laughed, and I was thinking how to get rid of the subject, which had a tendency to be an awkward one, as it might be addressed to me. He, however, gave me no time, and proceeded to draw comparisons between his late and his present guardian; but in a vein of pleasantry, as it appeared, and with such a rapid succession of ideas, that I did not, by any means, comprehend his expressions, or the objects of them.

I happened to be at Longwood, when Mr. Raffles, the late Governor of Java, and his suite, obtained permission to visit the grounds at Longwood. The anxiety of that gentleman to see Buonaparte was extreme: his curiosity was a perfect rage, and the utmost was done to accomplish its gratification. In short, though indisposition might have been pleaded, an hour was appointed by the Ex-emperor to receive the Ex-governor; and the latter had not words to express his delight at the manner in which he had been received.

In a short time after Mr. Raffles had taken leave, I received a message from Napoleon to join him in the garden. On my arrival there I found him surrounded by his whole suite, Mesdames and Messieurs, with the carriage drawn up, saddle-horses by it, and all ready for immediate departure. My appearance, however, disarranged their intention: For, instead of stepping into the carriage, the principal person of the scene turned round, as if to address me. I bowed, removed my hat from my head, and instantly replaced it: while the Marshals, Counts, and Generals, stood with their hats under their arms. That circumstance did not altogether disturb me; though my gallantry was somewhat embarrassed on account of the Ladies, whose petticoats were blowing about them from a smart, and rather unmannerly breeze.——"Do you know," he said, "this Governor of Java?" —"I know no more of him than from the introduction of to-day."—"Do you know any thing of that Island?"—"What I know of it is merely from the information of others."—

" The Dutch have represented it as a pestilential climate; but I believe that a more favourable opinion is now entertained of it."—" I believe so: at least we have not found it so bad as, from previous accounts, we had reason to expect."—" Have you ever seen a case of the plague?"—" Never."—" Do you know the disease?"—" My only knowledge of it proceeds from what I have read."—" The army of Egypt suffered much by it; and I had some difficulty in supporting the spirits of many of those who remained free from it. Yet for two years I contrived to keep my soldiers ignorant of what I myself knew. The disease can only be communicated through the organs of respiration."—I replied, " that I had understood actual contact would convey it."—" No:" he said, " I visited the hospital constantly, and touched the bodies of the sick to give confidence to their attendants; being convinced by observation, that the disease could only be communicated by the lungs. At the same time I always took the precaution of visiting after a meal and a few glasses of wine; placing myself on the side

of the infected person from which the wind blew."—We must have been at least twenty minutes in conversation, with the suite in all the formality of attendance, when I thought it proper to make some show of retiring; but he would not take the hint, for a considerable time. At length he made a slight bow, and led Madame Bertrand to the carriage: he followed; and I stood to see them drive off: observing, however, that there was a vacant seat in the carriage, he hailed me to come and take a ride with them: I, of course, accepted the invitation; and I declare, if it had been a party in a jaunting car to a country-fair in Ireland, there would not have been more mirth, ease, and affability.

The carriage drove off at a pretty round pace, and the pleasantry of Napoleon seemed to keep pace with it. He began to talk English; and having thrown his arm half round Madame Bertrand's neck, he exclaimed, addressing himself to me, "This is my Mistress! O not Mistress—yes, yes, this is my Mistress!" while the Lady was endeavouring to extri-

cate herself, and the Count her husband bursting with laughter. He then asked if he had made a mistake, and being informed of the English interpretation of the word, he cried out "O, no, no—I say, My friend, my love; No, not love; my friend, my friend." The fact was, that Madame Bertrand had been indisposed for several days, and he wished to rally her spirits, as well as to give an unreserved ease to the conversation. In short, to use a well-known English phrase—He was the life of the party.

The circuitous windings of the ride at Longwood may extend to five or six miles; and in our progress, with a half comic, half serious countenance, he asked this very unexpected question:—"In the course of your practice, and on your conscience, how many patients have you killed?"—It is not unlikely that I looked a little surprised; but I calmly answered, "My conscience does not accuse me of having caused the death of any one." He laughed, and continued, "I imagine that physicians may mistake diseases: that they

may sometimes do too much, at other times too little, After you have treated a case that has terminated fatally, have you not reflected with yourself, and said—well, if I had not bled, or vice versâ, if I had bled, this man, he would have recovered, or if he had not consulted a physician at all, he might have been now alive."——I made no reply, and he continued his questions.—

" Which do you think are the best surgeons, the French or the Euglish ?"—" The English undoubtedly."—" But wherefore ?"—" Because our schools are better. There is more system in our education ; and the examination is such as to establish the fitness of any candidate for the profession before he is regularly admitted into it."—" But in point of practice will you not allow that the French surgeons have the advantage of you ?"—" In practice, General, the French are empirics, though they do not vend nostrums like our quacks in England. They are, in fact, more guided by experience than theory. But you, Sir, have enabled my brethren in the English

army to be tolerable proficients in field practice." Napoleon smiled at my reply, and immediately proceeded to a question, which, though it is not altogether disconnected with the former subject, I did not expect. It was this.——" Who is your first physician in London?"—" That is an enquiry which I did not expect, and cannot take upon myself to answer: there are so many physicians of eminence there, that it would be hazardous to mention a favourite name."—" But have you no particular person in the profession who takes the lead?"——" No, indeed; there are, it is true, fashionable physicians, who have their run for a season or two, or even three; but I could not give the preference to one, without doing injustice to fifty. I could, I think, more particularly distinguish eminent surgeons."——" What is the general fee?" " That frequently depends on the rank and fortune of the patient."—" What is the highest that you have ever known?"—" I really cannot give a precise answer to that question: no particular sum in that way at present occurs to me.

Handsome fortunes are sometimes acquired by practice in a few years; but that falls to the lot of but few, whom particular circumstances, and distinguished patronage, as well as professional skill, have raised into great celebrity."—" When Corvesart attended my wife, the Empress Maria Louisa, on the birth of my son, he was ordered three thousand Napoleons. I wished, at one time, that the Empress should be bled, according to your practice, but Corvesart refused: She was in a very full habit. You are much employed on shore, are you not, as well as on board of ships?"—I am sometimes asked to visit the patients of my friends."—" Do they pay you well?"—" I never yet accepted of a fee. While I serve, I am satisfied with my pay."—" What does your King allow you?"—" Two hundred and twenty pounds a year."—" You have been all your life at sea, have you not?" " I have, indeed; and during a space of near twenty years."—" Does your King provide for you afterwards?"—" Yes, Sir, he does. At the expiration of six years service, he allows me, provided I am no longer in employ,

six shillings a day: but that sum is not increased for any subsequent service, until I have completed thirty years."—"That I think, is not an adequate remuneration."—"I think so too, General; however, I have no right to complain, because I knew the conditions before I engaged; and, in England, we are never obliged to do so against our inclinations."——"Is it not very expensive living in the Island of St. Helena?"—"Very much so: a stranger cannot board under thirty shillings a day."—"How, then do you contrive to live?"—"At present by the hospitality of a very kind and generous friend; and, occasionally, I have recourse to the fare of the Northumberland." He continued his questions, and I my replies, as you will perceive. "The army must be an enormous expense to your government, is it not?"——"Not more, I trust, than it can maintain. It is, I fancy, greater than the navy." "But from what cause?"—"The expense of the army is oftentimes, and indeed necessarily increased, I conceive, from its local situation."—"And why not the navy?" "The latter is merely stationary, and the

former more or less permanent."—"Is not England more attached to its Navy than its Army?"—"The Navy is certainly considered as its more natural, essential and effectual defence; but the Army will sometimes raise its head very high, and be regarded with a rival favour when it is crowned, as it so often is, with laurels: such a field as that of Waterloo can hardly find adequate gratitude in the hearts of Englishmen."——To this observation Napoleon made no reply, nor did he give an unpleasant look:——But he changed the subject.

"Where," said he, "were you educated?"—I replied, "in Edinburgh."—"You have very eminent professors there I know: I remember Doctor Brown's system was in repute during my first Italian campaign. I have read of your other men of note, and I wish you would call them to my recollection by repeating their names."—I accordingly mentioned BLACK in *Chemistry*; MONRO in *Anatomy* and *Surgery*, and GREGORY in *Physic*; but, at the same time I observed, that while I particu-

larized these distinguished characters whose pupil I was; I could name others of equal merit in the different schools of the British empire.——" I never knew," said Napoleon, " but one physician who was infallible in his diagnostics. He was certain in his discovery of the nature and seat of a disease; his name was Dubos; but, strange to say, he could not prescribe: and consequently would never undertake the treatment or cure of a complaint whose character his acumen could so accurately penetrate." I observed, " that he had a very able surgeon with him in Egypt, Monsieur *Larry*."—" Yes," he answered, " he was excellent in his field arrangements; but I have had men with me who, in scientific knowledge, were far superior to him." " Mr. Percy," I said, " who joined you on the morning of the battle of Austerlitz, had the reputation of superior professional talents."—" Ah," he exclaimed, with a glow on his countenance, " how did you know that?" I must either have read of it in Larry's Publication, or heard it mentioned by General Bertrand," —He continued.

"It was my intention in France to have classed your profession into three divisions. I have always respected it: it is a science and more than a science; because it requires a knowledge of several: Chemistry, Anatomy, Botany, and Physic.——For the first class I should have selected the most eminent of the profession."—"But how, General, would you have discovered them?"—By their reputation, income, and the figure which they made in the world." "But would not that plan be liable to objection? many men of merit live in obscurity."——"Then there let them remain," he said, "what else are they fit for? if I were to choose a surgeon from your fleet, should not I take him from the Northumberland in preference to the little Brig?"—"There General, you may also be mistaken."—"No, no, no; a man of talent in every station and condition in life will discover himself. Depend upon it I should be safe, in a general sense, in adopting my own plan. The first ranks should have had some honorary marks of distinction, exclusive of that respect in private life which their education will always command. The

third class should be humble in the extreme; nor would they have been permitted to administer any thing beyond the most inoffensive medicines." "Perhaps, Sir," I remarked, "after such an arrangement, you might, according to our English custom, have submitted future candidates to an examination." "Yes," he replied, "that might have been right."

"A physician," continued he, "appears to me to resemble a general officer. He must be a man of observation and discernment, with a penetrating eye. Possessed of these qualities, he will discover the strength of the enemy's position. Thus far, Doctor Dubos could go, and no farther. A sagacious practitioner will just employ sufficient force to dispossess the enemy of his strong hold: a force beyond that might injure the citadel. Now, I think, if you carry your Mercury too far you must do mischief: so I say of the practice of Sangrado."——I then expressed to him my surprise at the general good health which he had uniformly experienced during the singular vicissitudes of his extraordinary

life. " Yes," he said, " my health has been very good. When the Italian army was encamped in the vicinity of swamps, many suffered by fever, while I had not any complaint: as I observed temperance and a generally abstemious balancing between my appetite and the powers of my digestive organs. I had, at the same time, exercise sufficient, both of the body and the mind."—" It was reported, however, that you were very ill on your return from Egypt."——" I was very thin; and at that time subject to a bad cough. For my recovery I was indebted to Doctor Corvesart, who blistered me twice on the chest." " Report also said, that you were then subject also to an eruption, at least on the skin.——Your friend Goldsmith says so."—" Yes," he answered, "I will tell you."—Never shall I forget the pleasant manner in which he related this anecdote.

" At the siege of Toulon, I commanded a small battery of *two guns*. One of your boats approached close to the shore, and firing their gun, killed two canonneers by my side, I seized

a ram-rod when it fell from the dead soldier's *warm* hand. The man, as it happened, was diseased; and I found myself in a very few days suffering under an inveterate *Itch*. I had recourse to baths for a cure, and at that time succeeded. Five years after, I had a return of the same complaint with increased violence, and I presume it had lurked in my blood during the whole interval. Of that I was shortly cured, and have never had any return."

I now perceive, my dear——that I shall bring this letter myself; but I well know it will not be the less welcome because the writer is the bearer of it.——I shall therefore continue my narrative without any further interruption to the end.

The *Newcastle* and *Orontes* appeared from the heights of St. Helena on the morning of the 19th of June. My delight on the occasion is not easily to be expressed.

I now bent my steps to Longwood, where I arrived about ten in the morning: and I

was no sooner known to be there, than Napoleon sent to desire I would breakfast with him in the garden. On my appearing he said, "you are come take leave of us."—"I am come up, General, with that intention."—"You will breakfast then," he added, pointing to a chair, which the attendant in waiting immediately placed for me. The following conversation then took place.

"Have you had Letters from your friends?"—"No, Sir, the ships cannot reach the Bay before evening."——"Is the Admiral known?"—"Yes, he is Admiral Malcolm."—"Are you glad to return to England?"—"Very glad indeed."—"I am not surprised at it: but have you heard any news?"—"The last store-ship which came from England, brought some new Publications:——The Quarterly Review; a book stiled 'Paul's Letters to his Kinsfolk,' *&c.*; and 'Boyce's Buonaparte.'"—"Have you read them?"—"I have indeed, and with more than common interest."—"And what occasioned this particular feeling of interest?"—"There is more

truth and candour displayed in these two publications than any I have hitherto read; and more particularly the work of Mr. Boyce, which I should wish you to see."—"Why, then, did you not buy it for me?"—"There happened, General, to be but one copy on the Island, and it was purchased by a gentleman, on his way to China, who wished me to read it; that, by correcting any inaccuracies I might observe, the work would become doubly interesting to his friends in that part of the world." "Is it like the work of Helen Maria Williams?"—"Very superior, and much more authentic."—"Of what does it treat?"—"Your motives for quitting Elba: your subsequent conduct, from your landing at Frejus till you embarked in the Bellerophon. They still, however, represent you as subject to violent fits of passion, taking hasty strides across your apartment, with other impetuous marks of anger and disappointment. There is also a pathetic story related of the introduction of General Solignac, when he waited upon you from the Chamber of Deputies, to urge your abdication. This author,

as well as Paul, whose Letters are under a feigned name, gives very interesting particulars of Waterloo. It will, I think, make you smile, General, when I tell you that your guide La Coste is not forgotten. He is represented as having been most dreadfully frightened."—— "Frightened! at what?"—"At the balls, Sir, that were flying about him. It is said also, that you, at the time, rallied and consoled him with the assurance, that it was much more honourable to receive a ball in the breast than in the back. Besides, he is made to complain, that he was very inadequately recompensed for the labour and dangers of the day: that a single Napoleon was his only reward." Napoleon instantly replied, with an intelligent smile, "It might as well have been said five hundred."—I continued:—

"Mr. Boyce appears to me to have been very attentive to accuracy in his report of the two contending armies."—"What number" I was instantly asked, "does he give to that of France? "He quotes from an officer, and makes them to have been seventy thousand."

The reply was—"I had seventy-one thousand: and how many English is it stated there were in the field?"—"Including the German Legion, I understand there were thirty thousand British troops; which, united with the Belgians, Hanoverians, and Brunswickers, formed an whole of sixty-eight thousand men."—"How many Prussians were there under Bulow?"—"I cannot correctly say, perhaps fifteen thousand."—"And how many on the arrival of Blucher, in the evening?"—"I really do not know: but it is said that the Duke of Wellington acknowledges how very happy he felt at the appearance of his old friend; and that the person did not exist who could have been more welcome to him in the course of the evening than Blucher."

Ever since I had enjoyed an occasional communication with Napoleon, I never ceased to be animated with a strong and curious desire, to learn his opinion of our renowned Commander. I had repeatedly heard that he did not withhold it, but I could never ascertain the fact on any certain authority. The present

moment appeared to afford me the opportunity which I had so anxiously sought; as he seemed to be in a temper of more than usual communication and courtesy, though I have never had reason to complain of either. At all hazards, I therefore resolved to make the trial; as it might be the only opportunity I should ever possess.—" The people of England," I said, " appear to feel an interest in knowing your sentiments respecting the military character of the Duke of Wellington. They have no doubt that you would be just; and, perhaps, they may indulge the expectation that your justice would produce an eulogium of which the Duke of Wellington might be proud." Silence ensued: I began to think that I might have gone rather too far; for it is most true, that I had never before addressed him without looking full in his face for a reply, but my eyes dropped at the pause, and no reply was made. This, however, was the second question I had ever asked which remained a moment unanswered.

At the same time, he did not appear, to be,

in the least displeased; as in a few minutes he renewed the conversation with this inquiry. "You mentioned a *Review*——what does it contain?" "Criticisms on new Publications as they appear; and this Number observes upon three publications that relate to you: one in particular, said to be by a Lieutenant of the Bellerophon."—"What could he find on my subject to work up into a book?"—"I am almost ashamed, General, to repeat to you the trash these publications contain: indeed, it surprised me, that so respectable a work as this Review should condescend to notice them, and quote such silly falsehoods; nor can it be accounted for in any other way, than a desire to gratify the public impatience to be informed of every thing and any thing that may relate to you. It contains, among other misinformations, accounts of your conduct and demeanour while you resided at the *Briars*. You will judge of the ingenuity of its inventions when I add, that he mentions your being angry with one of the little girls, because she was ignorant of your coin, the *Napoleon*. You are also represented, on the same authority, as having been in a

great rage with one of her brothers, for having shown you the picture of the Great Mogul on a pack of cards. Nay, Sir, Monsieur De las Cases does not escape: for he is sent to the side-board to play at *Patience*, until the new pack would deal with more facility."—" Your Editors," said Napoleon, " are infinitely amusing: but is it to be supposed that they believe what they write." "At least, Sir, I presume, that they hope to amuse those who read. There is, however, another work, which, from its apparent authenticity, has been received with attention. It is written by a Frenchman, the Abbé Pradt." I was now perfectly confounded by a general, and, as it appeared, an involuntary laugh; with an exclamation of " O, the Abbé!"—It appears that this personage was the very humblest of the most humble adulators of Napoleon: he had been in a low situation in the Police, but possessed qualities that are favourable to advancement in such times as those in which he lived. " He had both cunning and humour," said Napoleon, " and I took him with me when I went to Spain; and, as I had to wage war with monas-

teries, I found the Abbé a phalanx against the dominion of Priests. De las Cases," he added, "will give you fifty entertaining anecdotes of the Abbé.—Can you tell me what is become of him?"—"I really have not heard. He also gives a description of your return to Warsaw after the disasters in Russia; which, I doubt not, would amuse you. He describes a tall figure entering his hotel wrapped in fur, more resembling a being of the other world than any thing earthly.—It was Caulincourt.—He says, likewise, you were concealed at the English Hotel, where he procured you some excellent wine. This Review, however, does not spare the Abbé, who declares that the subjugation of Russia was inevitable, had it not been for the sagacity of one man: 'And pray,' says the Reviewer, 'who is this man? —Why, no less a personage than the Abbé Pradt, who would have it thought that by his roguery he out-witted his Master.'" Napoleon does not often laugh; but the story, or the idea of the Abbé, or perhaps both, brought his risible faculties into complete exertion.

Unroll your Map of Flanders, my friend; display it in due form on your table, and follow me, if you can. I was this morning curiously gratified by a military description of the various movements of the French army, on *Napoleon's Chart*, from the day it passed the Sambre to the eventful battle of Waterloo. I naturally expected, as you may suppose, a detail of those various circumstances by which it was lost, or, which amounts to the same thing,—The *why* and the *wherefore* it was not gained. My conjecture was not ill-founded, for Gourgond proceeded to point out to me the errors which were committed by some of the principal commanders in the French army, and proved so fatal to the last great effort of their Imperial Master. These he traced with a readiness and perspicuity which induced me to imagine, at the time, that I clearly comprehended the whole. Nevertheless, I have my doubts, whether I shall make the errors of these blundering captains as clear to you, as they were, in my fancy, made apparent to me.

Napoleon, it seems, was completely ignorant of the movement made from Frasnes, by Count Erelon, (Drouet) on the 16th. For when he appeared near *Ligny*, Napoleon actually deployed a column of French to oppose him, mistaking his force at the time, for a division of the Prussian army.—Erelon was now made acquainted with the defeat of the Prussians; and, without thinking it necessary to have any communication with Napoleon, as to future operations, returned to his original position. That division of the army, therefore, became totally useless for that day both to the Emperor and to Marshal Ney.—Grouchy, losing sight of Blucher, and taking the circuitous route which he pursued, was represented as having committed a most fatal error.—While the right wing of the French, in the battle of the 18th was engaged, in defeating the flank movement of Bulow, of which they were perfectly apprised, Marshal Ney had orders to engage the attention of the English during this part of the action; but by no means to hazard the loss of his troops, or to exhaust their strength. Ney, it appears, did not

obey the order, or met with circumstances that rendered it impracticable for him to adhere to it. He was stated to have contended for the occupation of a height and thus weakened his corps, so that when the Imperial guards were brought to the charge, he was unable to assist them.—I understood that Napoleon had crossed the Sambre with 111,000 men. In the battles of Ligny and Quatre Bras he lost 10,000. Grouchy's division consisted of 30,000 detached to follow Blucher, leaving an effective force, on the morning of the 18th of 71,000. I hope you will comprehend my account, which I think was the purport of General Gourgond's statement to me; though I do not know any two characters more liable to a small share of perplexity, than a sailor describing a terra firma battle; and a soldier entering into the particulars of a naval engagement.—But, by way of climax, I was assured that the report of Buonaparte's standing on an elevated wooden frame to obtain a commanding view of the field of battle, is altogether a misrepresentation.—It was, on the contrary, a raised mound of earth, where he placed himself

with his staff; and the ground being sloppy and slippery, he ordered some trusses of straw to be placed under his feet to keep them dry, and prevent his sliding.

This was the last visit I paid to Napoleon; and when I took my leave of him, he rose from his chair, and said, "I wish you health and happiness, and a safe voyage to your country, where I hope you will find your friends in health and ready to receive you."

I had been uniformly treated with such respectful kindness, and, in some degree, with such partial confidence, by General Bertrand, Mons. de las Cases, and, indeed, by every one of the suite, that I could not take my leave of them without a considerable degree of sensibility. A more amiable, united and delightful family than that of General Bertrand I never yet saw: nor is his affection as a husband, and his fondness as a father, less striking than his fidelity to his Master.

And here I conclude my Narrative.——

If any other little matters should occur to my recollection, I can make a kind of Post-script of them.——The sketch which you desired of St. Helena, may be the subject of conversation hereafter, by your hospitable and friendly fire-side.——In the mean time, and at all times,

I am, &c. &c.

W. W.

ADDITIONAL NOTICES.

Captain *Piontowski*, an officer in the Polish troops attached to Buonaparte's person, who had accompanied him to Elba, and had a command in the little army that landed in France, formed one of the suite which accompanied the Ex-emperor to England.—He was, however, refused to attend the exile of his fallen Master. The disappointment he suffered, on the occasion, was extreme; and he still continued to persevere in his application to follow that fortune to which a sense of the

most ardent and affectionate duty impelled him. Notwithstanding a Lady from France, to whom he had been betrothed, joined him at Plymouth and married him, he still most zealously adhered to his original object; and, having at length obtained the sanction of government, he took his passage in a store-ship for St. Helena.—The arrival of this faithful follower was not expected: Napoleon, however, could not but be sensible of his attachment, and received him with kindness, But neither his situation, nor his manners were such as to associate him with the suite, nor did his modesty appear to expect it. An apartment was assigned him by the Generals; and Mr. O'Meara, the Surgeon, thinking he was neglected, with that goodness of heart and generous nature which distinguishes his character, made him welcome to his table. Such were the amiable and unassuming manners of the romantic Pole, that this distant treatment of him was a subject of general animadversion; and a want of generous feeling was attributed to Napoleon, for inattention to such an evident example of fidelity.

But this afterwards appeared to be a groundless suspicion. The Captain occupied his garret during the night, and occasionally amused himself with his gun during the day; happy in the enthusiastic satisfaction of sharing the fate of the great object of his idolatry. It happened, however, in one of his sporting excursions, that his piece accidentally went off in the act of loading it; and very severely wounded his right-hand. With this mischance Napoleon became acquainted, and expressed a desire to see and console him: but, previous to the execution of this kind intention, a female servant of General Montholon was removed from one of the very comfortable rooms at Longwood, and Piontowski was conveyed thither. The following day, Napoleon paid him the projected visit, but without suspecting he had been in any other apartment, and amply repaid his devoted Pole for the wound in his hand, by giving such a warm delight to his honest and faithful heart.

In speaking of different diseases to which the human frame was subject, a favourite topic

with Napoleon, when a professional man was by any means admitted to him, the small-pox happened to be mentioned; and he instantly entered upon the discovery of vaccination, with which he appeared to be perfectly acquainted, and whose beneficial effects he mentioned with the highest encomiums. Nor did his observation close without their usual *finale*——an interrogatory.—" Have not the people of England given me some credit, for my having adopted, encouraged, and indeed decreed, the rigid observance of *Dr. Jenner's System!*"

The quiet, unassuming demeanour of the persons composing the suite of Napoleon, never knew any interruption, on the deck of the Northumberland, where we held our conversation, but when General Gourgond chose to display the bloody track of his heroic feats in the field. No idea, however, is intended to be conveyed of his exceeding the real prowess of his military character; but only that he loved to talk about it, when his former

companions in arms were silent. Among other proofs of his hair-breadth 'scapes, he was fond of exhibiting a sword, whose renown, as well as that of its owner, was engraved on the blade; and whose inscription related, that with this mighty and glorious weapon he saved the life of Napoleon, in Russia, when it was threatened by the uplifted arm of a fierce and avenging Cossack.

The following is a correct abstract of a conversation had with General Bertrand; when, and particularly at the commencement of it, his feelings appeared to be very strongly excited.——He acknowledged very fully, and lamented very sensibly, the too extended grasp of Napoleon's ambition.—" It was in " itself a grand and noble principle, and, left " to its own original objects, and confined to " its natural operations, might have proved " a source of extensive good and untarnished " glory. But evil councils, and who can, at " all moments, and under all circumstances,

" repel their insinuating or momentary influ-
" ence, provoked the excesses, which have
" been so often seen to strip the most com-
" manding of all passions, of its associate
" virtues."——Here his opinion seemed to point to Maret, Duke of Bassano, as the cause of unspeakable mischief, and an example that inferior spirits are sometimes permitted to influence minds of a far higher order; and not unfrequently to their dishonour, if not to their ruin.——"Napoleon," he added, " is a most extraordinary and wonderful " man."—The conversation proceeded, and I replied.

" That is not to be doubted: but I wish to
" see more of the ordinary man in him. Could
" I but observe him endearingly caressing
" children, as you, General, do your Hortentia
" and your Henry; or playing with a dog, or
" patting his horse, I should consider him with
" very different sentiments from those which
" I now feel."—" Believe me, dear Doctor, he
" is a man totally different from all others."

" That may be: but I want him to possess " certain qualities in common with ordinary " men, and I wish you would tell me that he " discovers, at any time, the feelings of affec- " tion and tenderness; the capacity to be a " kind husband and a fond parent."

" That I can most assuredly do. He is " not without a heart, in your sense of the " expression. But he does not, cannot, will " not make a parade of it. Is it possible that " you should expect any thing of a frivolous, " or trifling appearance from him; and, in a " character like his, the amiable playfulness " of private domestic life, might have such a " semblance: besides, the individual feelings " of the man must, after all, be lost to those " who only view him in the blaze of his public " life."

—" But that blaze, General Bertrand, is " now extinguished; and I wish for his sake, " and the honour of human nature, that the " symptoms of love, tenderness, and attach-

" ment might appear, in some direction or " other, to beam from him."

" You may believe me, when I assure " you, that though they may not have ap- " peared to you, they are by no means want- " ing in him.—By way of example, imagine " a day as it used to be passed at the *Thuil-* " *leries:* I will describe it to you.——At six " in the morning he would be examining a " Russian dispatch ; at seven, the same from " Vienna ; at eight, he might visit a work of " art ; at ten, a review succeeded ; at twelve, " the reception of some department ; at one, " the affairs of the army ; at four, a Prefect " demanded audience ; at six, perhaps, he " had appointed to meet the Empress, whom " he would treat with every mark of kindness " and affection ; admire, with a Parisian " gallantry, the embroidery of her gown, the " folds of her robe, the flowers in her hair, or " the display of jewels on her person : while " he would continue devoted to her, till public " business again required his attention ; to " which he was ever in a state of prepara-

" tion. He was never sensual, never gross, " but in an unceasing state of action."—— Count de las Cases continued the subject.

" He never speaks of himself; he never " mentions his achievements. Of money he " is totally regardless; and he was not known " to express a regret for any part of his trea- " sure but the diamond necklace, which he " wore constantly in his neckcloth, because " it was the gift of his sister, the Princess " Bourgoise, whom he tenderly loved." This he lost, after the battle of Waterloo.

I was naturally induced to make a sketch of the state and position of our passengers, at the moment when we came to an anchor, off St. Helena; but, having mislaid it at the moment when I wrote the account of our arrival in one of the foregoing Letters, I then stated it from the general recollection of the instant. Having now recovered the sketch, I have

added it as a more exact picture of the scene, and which I have been persuaded will not be considered as an impertinent repetition.

The morning was pleasant, and the breeze steady: at dawn we were sufficiently near to behold the black peak of St. Helena. Between eight and nine, we were close under the Sugar-Loaf Hill. The whole of the French party had quitted their cabins, with the exception of Napoleon, and taken their respective stations.—On the right stood Madame Montholon, with her arm entwined in that of the General, her husband. Her look seemed to ask a cheering influence from him: I could fancy that she said,—"If this is to be my lot, still I have you for my comfort; and there is Tristram, that little darling, who will be a comfort to us both." On the poop sat Madame Bertrand, and the Marshal stood behind her. I was the only unoccupied person belonging to the ship, and could therefore, undisturbed, contemplate the scene around me. I was afraid to approach Madame Bertrand, for I was near enough to

perceive an action in the muscle of her throat which betokened a sob.——De las Cases, resting his arm on the shoulder of his son, was stretching his little figure on tip-toe, but in vain, to look over the gangway; but all his exertion would not enable him to see more than half-way down the mountain.—General Gourgond endeavoured, by a smile, to suppress what he felt; for he had no female to console him.——The servants were gazing with open mouths, and all their eyes; while the children, unconscious of island or rock, or prison or palace, were performing their little evolutions as usual; when the Newfoundland dog would occasionally break in upon their hollow squares.—We did not see Napoleon till the ship had anchored in front of the Town. About eleven he made his appearance.——He ascended the poop, and there stood, examining with his little glass the numerous cannon which bristled in his view. I observed him with the utmost attention, as I stood beside him for near half an hour; and could not discover, in his countenance, the least symptoms of strong or particu-

lar sensations. He afterwards rallied Madame Bertrand on the elegant stockings she wore on the occasion; when she tried to check the tear; but it would not do.——She exclaimed, "Oh, Doctor W———, we are indeed too good for St. Helena!"

THE END.

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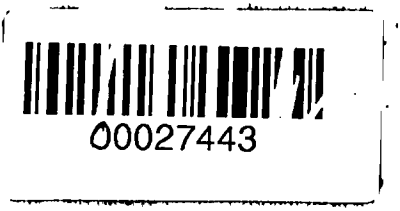
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